

From the Examiner.

Collections towards a History of Pottery and Porcelain, in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; with a Description of the Manufacture, a Glossary, and a List of Monograms. By JOSEPH MARRYAT. Illustrated with colored plates and wood-cuts. Murray.

THIS is a highly ingenious and interesting, as well as a singularly beautiful book—a book inspired by a genuine love of the subject, and enriched with information and resource of the rarest kind.

Mr. Marryat, himself a successful collector of China, describes the difficulty he had in getting needful guidance when he began to collect. The existing publications were almost wholly of two kinds, technical or antiquarian; consisting either of details of the manufacture, or of disquisitions on the learning and mythology of the art. From the work before us, these, for the most part, are excluded. While it is meant to be acceptable to the general reader, (which we can honestly say we have found it to be,) it is more particularly meant to be useful to the collector, in enabling him to ascertain the nature of the specimens he possesses, and what are considered the most desirable in forming a collection. It comprises a very copious glossary of terms used in the description of pottery and porcelain, as well as a series of curious fac-similes of the marks and monograms of the different manufactures.

What constitutes the chief luxury of the book, indeed, is the variety and beauty of its illustrations. In upwards of a hundred clearly executed wood-cuts, and some dozen beautifully colored plates, we receive a vivid and accurate idea of many leading masterpieces of the plastic art. The frontispiece displays the soft Italian ewer, with the painting after Giulio Romano, which was formerly at Strawberry Hill; and we have sundry colored representations of that curious and delicate pottery of the sixteenth century, in which lovers had the portraits of their favorite ladies set, and in which the heart-stricken potter so often fixed his own lady-love, whose image he might wish to transmit to posterity. All of these are valuable as well as curious for their suggestions as to points of costume. Some of what are called the Raffaele grotesques, too, are among the colored fac-similes; there are interesting specimens of Palissy, Oriental and Sèvres workmanship, (of the latter, two peculiarly rich and delicate,) and, for a certain grotesque quaint fancy, there is a Flemish stone jug, and a Capo di Monte ewer, which we think admirable. The wood-cuts embrace every kind of subject, from all the richest

and most rare collections; and would of themselves give extraordinary interest to the book, even apart from their colored companions.

Mr. Marryat has limited himself in his literary treatment to three centuries of the art, beginning at the fifteenth and concluding at the eighteenth. This is a little abrupt—but he intimates that the history of the previous epoch is already in other and able hands, with a view to a separate volume; and after all it is hardly possible, or indeed desirable, in a book of this kind, to do more than select with a view to illustration rather than history. Admit the regular archaeological element, and one knows not where to stop—or where to begin. A college for potters was established by Numa, as Mr. Marryat learnedly tells us; and a family of potters who worked for the king is mentioned in the genealogy of the tribe of Judah. It would be quite feasible to make a history of pottery a history of human society, discovering with its help domestic manners long since passed away, and tracing out the limits of empires otherwise not so easily traced. Nothing will so well put this before the reader, or so pleasantly exhibit the knowledge and taste displayed in what Mr. Marryat modestly calls the compilation of his book, as a brief passage from his Introduction.

The extent of ancient Greece, of its colonies and its conquests, is clearly to be traced through each division of the Old World by the Grecian funeral pottery, which, distinct in its character from that of any other, long survived the political existence of the Grecian empire. The limits of the Roman empire are, in like manner, deduced from the remains of the Roman pottery; beyond the spot where Arminius repulsed the Roman legions, no trace of Roman pottery has been found, and the frontier line of the Roman dominion in Britain is marked out in a similar manner. The extent of the Mahomedan empire in the Old World, and the Aztec dominion in the New, would alike be clearly pointed out by their pottery, if no other record of their conquests had been transmitted to us.

The Ceramic art has always been an object for royal patronage. The Chinese emperors obtained, by high premiums, the unrivalled manufacture of the egg-shell porcelain, and they enrolled the potter martyr in the catalogue of their deities. The Dukes of Urbino, by their liberal patronage, introduced the beautiful majolica; from Henry II. and Diana de Poitiers an unrivalled fayence derives its name, and that prince and his consort, Catherine de Medici, developed the genius of Palissy; Augustus the Strong, Maria Theresa, Frederic the Great, and other reigning princes of Germany, both founded and brought to perfection, at their own expense, the porcelain manufactures of their respective countries; Russia owes the establishment of hers to Elizabeth and Catherine II.; Charles III. founded those of Capo di Monte and the Buen

Retiro; Madame Pompadour, by her influence over Louis XV., brought the porcelain of Sèvres to its unrivalled perfection; while Dubarry gave her name to the most lovely color it has produced; and William, Duke of Cumberland, supported that of Chelsea, which unfortunately was abandoned, for want of encouragement, at the death of its royal patron. Even Wedgwood, who in general courted no extraneous aid, was fain to secure a certain number of subscribers to enable him to take the copy of the Barberini Vase, while his newly invented earthenware was introduced under the patronage of Queen Charlotte, and bore her name.

Nor is the art less associated with the names of celebrated historical characters. With the tale of the unfortunate Jacqueline of Hainault it can never cease to be identified. The futile career of Palissy and Böttcher entitles them to a place in the romance of history. The minister De Calonne occupied himself in the manufacture of Lille and Arras. We find Nelson, in the midst of his victorious course, engaged in collecting the china of Capo di Monte and Copenhagen. The partiality of the unfortunate Admiral Byng for china was designated in the political caricatures of the day; Dr. Johnson interested himself in the manufacture at Chelsea; and numerous other instances might be given, if more were necessary, to prove the interest that has in all ages been inspired by the productions of the potter's art.

From the Spectator.

BYAM'S WANDERINGS IN CHILI AND PERU.*

LAST year Mr. Byam sent forth a small but various and interesting volume, descriptive of his adventures in Central America, whither he had gone from Chili in pursuit of some mining speculations, which were put an end to by the bad faith of the government. The freshness of the subject and the spirit of the narrative drew so much attention to the book, that Mr. Byam has been induced to publish an account of his experiences in Chili, a visit to Lima, and a yacht voyage along the Western coast of South America; to which he has added some chapters on Central America, with a bearing on the proposed ship-communication through that region, discussing in detail the site and means of its execution.

The volume is not a continuous narrative of travels, but a series of descriptive chapters, giving the result of the author's Chilean experience; illustrated, however, by particular incidents when necessary. A journey to the silver mine at the summit of the lofty mountain called San Pedro Nolasco, enables him to present a picture of travelling in the higher Andes. A visit to a large agricultural establishment serves to mingle rural economy with personal action as it were. In short, whether it is the climate, the people, their classes or races, the wild animals and the method of hunting them, the horses and the mode of riding them, Mr. Byam imparts life and variety

* Wanderings in some of the Western Republics of America: with Remarks upon the Cutting of the Great Ship-Canal through Central America. By George Byam, late Forty-third Light Infantry. Published by John W. Parker.

to a general account by the introduction of anecdote and personal adventure.

The book possesses the fresh, real, and solid matter which distinguished the author's *Central America*. It has the same uncultivated vigor and spirit; the want of cultivation showing itself rather by the absence of certain conventionalities of art than anything rough or coarse in manner. Far above any mere tricks or cleverness of composition, the sketches have that distinctness and truth which arise spontaneously when the sketcher is impressed by the nature before him.

Military service, travel in various quarters of the globe, and scientific knowledge at least sufficient for mining purposes, have given Mr. Byam a readiness of resource which is seldom at a loss. Thus, after seeing a sunrise in the higher Andes, he was able to teach the natives in that lofty region how to boil their broth.

Feeling very cold, we determined to make some soup to warm us; and as we had plenty of meat and onions, cut them up, put them into a saucepan with salt and cayenne pepper, and set them to boil. I only relate this for the information of those who have not been to great heights, those who wish to go there, and also of those who, perchance, may believe that boiling must be the same boiling all over the world. After our soup had bubbled away, in the most orthodox style, for more than two hours, we naturally concluded that our "bouillon" was ready and the meat perfectly done, especially as the last had been cut into rather small pieces; but, to our great surprise, we found the water almost colorless, and the meat almost as raw as when it was first put into the pot. One of the miners told us it was of no use trying to boil anything, as nothing could be cooked by water on the top of that mountain; for although the water bubbled away very fast, the heat was not great enough to boil a potato.

[At great altitudes the water begins to boil long before it arrives at the heat of 212° of Fahrenheit; and as water cannot get hotter than boiling-point, except by the compression of the steam, nothing can be cooked except by some means of confining (with safety) the steam.]

I saw directly how the matter lay, and sticking the lid tight on the pan, made it fast with heavy lumps of silver ore that were lying about, attaching them to the handle, and putting others on the top of all. In a very short time the steam got up, and, though it made the lid jump a little, I managed to get a good broth; to the great surprise of the miners, who could not conceive what I was about.

The following account of the Chilean bean reads well as a useful hint for feeding the poor; but to change a national habit is very difficult. New articles of diet and new modes of cookery are continually recommended. Sometimes it is a method of cooking potatoes so as to make the juices of the joint do one day's duty for the joint itself; sometimes it is Indian corn, sometimes haricot beans, sometimes Soyer's soups. Yet, in despite of recipes, nations still grub on with their old food; the Spaniard takes his chocolate, the Italian his macaroni, the Frenchman his coffee, the Englishman his tea at starting, with bread and cheese and beer, and beef if he can get it, in

preference to soup maigre and "foreign kick-shaws." There may be prejudice, and the stolidity of habit, in this aversion to change at the bidding of philosophic and chemical philanthropy; but the reason may lie deeper than projectors can see. Climate may have something to do with the preference; so may a constitution formed for many generations on a particular nourishment, the habit of the living stomach, peculiarities of domestic economy, and, lastly, the national genius for cookery, or eating with as little trouble as may be. We give a portion of Mr. Byam's well-intentioned recommendation of Chilian beans, but without hope that they will supersede the diet he denounces, even if we had them. What throws a further doubt upon the matter is, that Mr. Byam recommends roasted corn as a substitute for coffee: but there we can speak, and we must own to a low estimate of that man's judgment in comestibles who prefers "Hunt's patent roasted" to the genuine article.

From the president of the republic to the lowest beggar, every one, even if he does not eat it, has a dish of porotos at his table, or stone at the corner of a lane or street.

But hundreds of thousands dine upon this dish every day, without touching any other; and some almost live on it, except during the time when fruits, especially water-melons, are ripe.

The poroto is a species of haricot beans; but the bean is of a dark brown or reddish color, and is as nourishing as can well be conceived, at the same time being very cheap, and, what is so important for a poor man, it perfectly satisfies him. He feels full and comfortable; he feels strength to work, and when once he likes would never abandon it for other food, unless for a short change.

It has often astonished me when I have seen an English laborer in his cottage eating his mid-day meal, which consisted of a piece of bread and cheese, washed down by a cup of weak tea, or rather a poor decoction of sloe-leaves and birch-buds—when I knew that, with a little management, he could get a hot, plentiful, and most healthy meal, for one quarter of the price that the tea and sugar alone cost him. As it is, he goes back to his labor, perhaps in frost or snow, not only half empty, but feeling his dinner has done him little good; whereas the price that his miserable fare has cost him would procure not only a good dinner, but a good hot supper for himself and whole family; and they would go to bed full and comfortable, and rise in the morning fit to do their work, however hard.

With respect to the healthiness of the diet, it is proverbial that no nation can go through hard and long-sustained work better than the Chilians, although in physical power they certainly are not on a par, or near it, with the Anglo-Saxon race: but the power and strength of the Chilian miners are well-known; and yet they have nothing for dinner, from one end of the year to the other, but these stewed beans. * * *

In Chili, they calculated a large double-handful of the dry bean as a good allowance for a man; but the bean swelling very much makes the allowance a large plateful. I will give the recipe for cooking them, in the hopes it will meet the eye of some benevolent person who has the power and

wish of seeing it tried among his poorer dependents.

Put the beans in an iron pot, cover with water, and boil for half an hour. Throw out the water, draining it off with care, for the water is unwholesome; but leave the beans in the pot. Cover again with fresh water, and boil until the beans are nearly done; then drain the water off a second time. For the third time of heating up, keep the beans in the pot, but add no water; instead, add a little (this is for English cottages) dripping, kitchen-stuff, salt butter, or lard, according to the means. Season with salt, and, if it can be afforded, pepper, and heat the mess up for a quarter of an hour, stirring gently now and then. I have often, after a long day's work, sat down to a plateful of the above humble dish, with a relish I have scarcely felt at the Café de Paris or the Trois Frères, and can add, that I was more fit for work after the first than the last. I will answer for it, that an English laborer would go back to his work with his inside in a more perfect state of content than on a scanty meal of bread and cheese, and, moreover, do his work easier. Besides, the remainder may be heated up again for supper; and no laborer can eat a food more invigorating, and at the same time more satisfying. He will go to sleep full and contented, and rise in the morning fit for work. As to the usual growl of "Try it yourself," I never recommend anything unless I have tried it; and I can truly aver that I was never more fit for real hard work than when I lived many weeks upon these porotos.

The remarks on the connection of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of artificial navigation possess more than an intrinsic interest, from the circumstance of the boasted treaty between Great Britain and the United States. That treaty is little more than a permission for men with the money to make a communication where they can; but even if it were more specific than it is, a paper treaty and a ship canal are two very different things. It seems to be the general opinion, that locks with an improvement of the River San Juan, and a canal from the lake of Nicaragua to the Pacific, is the best mode. From all that has come before us on the subject at various times, we believe this line is the easiest; but Humboldt, who knows the region, and has had all the official documents touching the various plans before him is not satisfied, and calls for another survey in the direction he points out. But even if the river San Juan and the lake of Nicaragua be decided upon, there is still the work to do, and the labor to be found to do it.

On each side of the River St. Juan is an immense dense forest, composed of most enormous trees, which overshadow as thick and impenetrable a jungle of matted underwood as can be met with in the whole world. For almost the whole length of the river, I doubt that any man has ever been twenty yards into the forest on either bank, and am pretty sure he could not have been one hundred.

This forest is full of wild beasts and snakes of all sorts; and Indian report says that some of the larger snakes are far more powerful than those nearer the Western coast. The vapors that arise from the banks of the river, where the leaves

have been rotting for thousands of year, is pestilential and deadly even to Central Americans.

The wood and forest must be cleared away for some distance on each side of the river, and that work may be very much aided by the native laborers, who are first-rate axe-men and billhook workmen. The roots must be extracted, and the whole burnt; when, I believe, the ground on each side of the river will prove very nearly on a level, and only a few feet above the river. I judge from the tops of the trees appearing so level in long reaches of the river. * * *

But the principal question is, What labor has been brought? what workmen are there?

If the managers trust to the laborers of the country, they may just as well get up their anchors and go home again; for I know the working class well, and I also know that the kindest and most liberal employer cannot depend upon them for a week together. * * *

Without doubt, good assistance may be obtained from native labor, but it *cannot be depended upon*. English or North American laborers are out of the question. There would not be one alive, or at least fit to work, in a week from the first spadeful of earth turned up—a Mississippi mud-lark could not stand it. * * *

You cannot depend upon native labor for a week together; and even when they do work it is lamentable to see how little they do; you cannot depend upon English or North American labor, for the work would kill the laborers in a week; you cannot depend upon work from the West Indians, because they would not go to work, and would be great fools if they did, for they are pretty nearly at present in possession of their late owners' estates.

What labor can, then, be really depended upon?

I am afraid that there is only one answer. *You must depend upon voluntary labor from the African coast.* You may make use of native assistance as much as you please, and you will get more of it when it is clearly understood that you are not dependent upon it.

The Kroemen of the African coast would never volunteer for such work; they prefer ship work on the coast, saving their money and buying two or three wives; but plenty of volunteer labor can be obtained on the coast; and if the laborers are made comfortable during the passage, and are faithfully and well treated after their arrival, they are just the class of men to do the work, not only without injury to themselves but with much advantage.

No doubt, some kindhearted old lady will exclaim, when she hears of a ship-load of black laborers being engaged to work, as she sweetens her cup of coffee with a lump of sugar from Cuba or Brazil—the said coffee and sugar, by the by, being manufactured out of black blood, black sinews, and black sweat—"Oh, how horrible to take these poor dear blacks and set them to work! it is a sort of slave-trade."

However, it is no such thing; those volunteer workmen, if they were engaged for a limited term—say three or four years—at fair wages, with an understanding to give them a free passage home, and if the whole agreement was so well guaranteed as to render the execution of it certain to be honorably fulfilled, the condition of those laborers on their return to their own country would be far superior to their countrymen who remained at home.

This sort of free labor was tried to be carried into effect in some of our West Indian Islands, but through some spite in the Colonial Office it was

forbidden, without any reason or justice. But in this undertaking, if free black labor is required from the African coast, the Americans will not pay the Colonial Office the compliment of asking leave to pay a man a day's wages for a day's work; which was actually denied to our ruined planters.

Is this vaunted treaty only a blind to give rise to further diplomatic discussions; or will government concede to the project of a ship-canal, what it would not grant to save our colonists from destruction? Well, if we do all this, let us take care that we really have a *ship-canal*.

It ought fully to be understood by all parties who contribute in any way, either by influence, personal coöperation, or subscription of capital, to a water communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific, that the said communication should be available to all nations; not only with regard to the right of passage, but with respect to the size and depth of the canal, which ought to be able to float a first-class ship.

If English capitalists and merchants do not insist upon the latter point, they will find themselves deceived.

A canal might be cut with English capital, and when finished might be found big enough only for vessels of two hundred tons; while the beautiful fleets of Messrs. Green, or Wigram, Smith or Somes, may continue to go the old way round the Cape, although those gentlemen may have subscribed to the undertaking.

With a small canal, the whole of the transit trade would fall into the hands of the Americans, who would reap the profit sown by British capital, as they are now doing in Cuba.

It is for the interest of the North Americans that the canal should be small; just accessible to their coasters, but not to our large East India and China-men. A large canal would be of incalculable benefit to commerce in general; and the reader who has been kind enough to accompany me on so long a voyage may now meditate on the probability of its accomplishment.

This is the more to be regarded because a small canal is useless to the world at large. Passengers and correspondence may, with good arrangements, be passed across almost any point of the neck of land that connects North and South America, without more difficulty than the Egyptian transit. But it would be a "smart transaction" if Brother Jonathan could get Europe, more especially John Bull, to guarantee and pay pretty handsomely towards a ship-canal that should send European vessels still round Cape Horn, but furnish him a channel for a snug domestic and transit trade, or the equally snug transmission of warlike loafers or munitions of war.

WEAK CONSCIENCES.—As for them who have weak and tender consciences, they are in the state of childhood and minority; but then you know that a child is never happy by having his own humor; if you choose for him, and make him to use it, he hath but one thing to do; but if you put him to please himself, he is troubled with everything, and satisfied with nothing.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

From Chambers' Journal.

LONDON GOSSIP.

THERE is another way, as yet untried, of producing large supplies of food; and in this our tropical colonies might well engage themselves, the rather as steam communication now renders the delivery speedy and certain. I refer to increased culture of the plantain and banana: the former is generally fried for the table in the southern states of America, where it is highly prized as an article of diet; and as regards the banana, there are few vegetable productions which equal it. A single plant of the species *Musa Cavendishii*, given by the Duke of Devonshire to Williams the missionary, and carried out to Navigators' Islands in one of Ward's glazed cases, produced the following year "nearly 100 lbs. of fruit and thirty young plants," and now the islands are covered with them. The yield, in fact, is enormous. "Humboldt states that a given quantity of land, planted with wheat, produces seventyfold, which will keep a man and his wife for a year; but it would, if planted with bananas, keep fifty persons for a like period. The same quantity of land that would yield 1000 lbs. of potatoes would produce 44,000 lbs. of bananas. This food is so inoffensive and nutritive, that in the interior of Brazil children are fed upon it from birth to maturity, and it is not known to disagree with the digestive organs." Perhaps some of our oversea brethren might find better account in attending to these hints than in nursing grievances about unfettered trade.

Talking of trade reminds me of a few particulars which are discussed in commercial circles. The business of plate-glass making and selling, since the removal of those obnoxious excise duties which devoured more than 40 per cent. of the entire cost, has risen to a pitch of unexampled prosperity. Plates are now made in this country of larger dimensions, finer quality, at less cost, and with more facility, than in any other country in the world. British manufacturers, it is said, realize a profit of 20 per cent.—as much again as is gained by foreigners. The benefits resulting from the substitution of common sense for prejudice in fiscal regulations are shown in a paper read to the Statistical Society by Mr. Howard. In 1847 the exports of glass exceeded those of 1846, in the article of flint-glass, by 20 per cent.; common window-glass, 42 per cent.; bottles, 5 per cent.; looking-glasses, 49 per cent.; plate-glass, 110 per cent.—the quantity of the latter made weekly within the year being 70,000 feet. "Again, in 1846, what was the quantity of plate-glass exported to all the United States of America! Not a single foot! while in 1847, when prices had been somewhat mitigated, the exports to the United States alone nearly equalled the total amount exported in 1846 to all the world!"

Projects are afoot for steam communication between Galway and New York; for an electric telegraph from St. Petersburg to London; for a stationary balloon over Paris, which is to sustain an electric sun for illuminating the city at night; and a scheme has been propounded for a railway of 20 feet gauge to Liverpool from London, in as direct a line as possible, with no short curves. The carriages to be 200 feet in length, divided into floors or decks as a ship, the lowest for luggage, and to comprise refreshment-rooms, pay-office, &c. The different floors would accommodate different

grades of passengers. With such a construction, no stations, and consequently no clerks, would be required on the line—nothing more than a stepping-off platform. The highest fare to be twopence a mile, and the journey to occupy not more than four hours. The scheme sounds well; whether it will find supporters remains to be proved. It is proposed to plant trees on the slopes of the South-Wales Railway cuttings: you may perhaps remember my suggesting the conversion of these neglected surfaces into strawberry beds; speculators may choose between the two, remembering always that in twenty-five years the trees will pay a handsome annual profit. Besides these matters, a new kind of bath has been contrived by a working shipwright, which can be used on seas, rivers, or ponds at pleasure. It is a boat, with part of the bottom made to lower to any suitable depth by means of a windlass worked by a man who rows, while a curtained enclosure affords the necessary privacy. A paper, by Mr. Higinbottom of Nottingham, has just been read at the Royal Society, which deprives sanitary reformers of a telling argument. This gentleman has clearly proved that tadpoles, when kept in the dark, will turn into frogs; hitherto the evidence has been, that light was essential to the process. The Royal Institution announce their Actonian prize of £100 for 1851, for an essay on the Wisdom and Beneficence of the Almighty, as regards the Physiology of hearing, seeing, tasting, smelling, &c., to be sent in before December 31 of the present year. And last, I cannot help calling your attention to some interesting remarks made by the president of the Cornwall Geological Society, Sir Charles Lemon, at their late anniversary, on the occasion of a paper having been presented to the body by a new contributor. The subject was, "On the Fossiliferous Rocks of the Liskeard District;" and he said—"I cannot feel satisfied merely to lay it on your table without any remark on the singular character and position of its author. At present I know no more of him than his name is Giles, and that he is in business as a shoemaker at Liskeard; but I have no doubt that the communication now opened with him will lead on to more, and that we shall find in him a most valuable coadjutor. The paper which you are about to hear read shows how much may be done even with small opportunities, and how wide is the field of science, which includes men of all classes. Mr. Giles is not the first Cornishman whose thoughts have been ripened amongst the sedentary occupations of a shoemaker. But Mr. Drew found the materials of his speculations at hand—in his own mind: Mr. Giles, on the contrary, had to seek them far off; and it is astonishing with how much energy and discrimination he seems to have conducted his search amongst the strata of his own neighborhood. The vigor of his mind might have done much for him, but he could not have made the use which he has made of his observations without a knowledge of books, which it is hard to conceive how he could have obtained. Altogether, we see in him qualities which are valuable to science; and I trust that we shall find him a frequent contributor to our publications and museum."

THE Nepaulese Ambassador and his brothers have been elected members of the St. George's Chess Club: they are said to be all good players.

Spectator.

From the Spectator.

LEIGH HUNT'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THESE volumes contain a personal recollection of the literature and politics, as well as of some of the most remarkable literary men and politicians, of the last fifty years. The reminiscences are varied by sketches of manners during the same period, and by critical remarks on various topics that such a long review turns up. They are also extended by boyish recollection, family tradition, and contemporary reading; so that we have a sort of social picture of almost a century, with its fluctuations of public fortune, and its changes of fashions, manners and opinions. With family characteristics and tradition, as well as with politics and literature, the events of the author's life are connected; the biography of Mr. Hunt, as may well be supposed, not sufficing for three volumes in its mere incidents.

The book begins with a pleasant, though not altogether new, sketch of the author's ancestors, who had settled in Barbadoes. Leigh Hunt's father was sent over to the American continent for his education; there he went into the law; married there; and was thence expelled *vi et armis* for his loyalty after the breaking out of the troubles which ended in American independence. The prejudice against him was so great that he was obliged to escape from Philadelphia as he could; and his wife was unable for many months to join him in England. When she did, she found him a popular preacher!—he had taken orders on discovering that the bar was too crowded, being too proud to go upon the stage, as an actor advised him. With his voice and delivery, his repute as one who had suffered for loyalty, and a subsequent tutorship to a nephew of the Duke of Chandos, high in courtly office, he seemed on the road to preferment, and visions of a mitre might rationally have been entertained. But a West Indian conviviality, with some imprudent frankness of heterodoxy, not only marred his preferment, but eventually reduced him to the shifts of an unsettled life of poverty, save for some years, during which he was helped by a Barbadian relation. He appears to have been a man whom everybody liked, but whom nobody chose to run the responsibility of assisting in the church; and perhaps the only mode of assisting him was by keeping him. He latterly became an Unitarian, with the catholic views of the new school of mingled Rationalism and Sentimentalism. He died in 1809, before old age, but not before he had seen the commencement of his son's celebrity.

The subject of the present work was born at Southgate, in 1784; and, as all the world knows, was educated at the Blue Coat School. He rose to the place of first deputy Grecian, and might have become Grecian and gone to college, but for an impediment in his speech. He was fifteen

years old when he put off the blue tunic and yellow stockings; and did nothing for some time but write the poems that formed his *Juvenilia*. These were published by subscription; and Leigh Hunt became a notoriety in his teens; which his father, with the good-nature of his character, seems to have encouraged. For some time young Mr. Hunt appears to have enjoyed his celebrity and himself. The chronology of the work is not very full or always specific; but before 1803, he had written for the *Globe* newspaper, then just commenced, a series of essays in imitation of the *Connoisseur*; had got a place in the War Office, given to his father by Lord Sidmouth; had written various things retained in manuscript, amongst them a comedy, a tragedy, and a farce; and had joined a corps of Volunteers. In 1805, his brother, John Hunt, set up the *News Sunday* paper, and Leigh Hunt wrote the theatrical criticisms. In 1808, the *News* was quitted to start the *Examiner*; which, with the reputation of its editor, his peculiar style, and the ostentatious boldness of its attacks, attained great success for a time. The next ten or twelve years were, all things considered, the blazing meridian of Leigh Hunt's career. The novelty of the *Examiner*, the personal manner in which the editor put himself forward, (contrary to English custom,) and the literary notoriety he had otherwise attained, gave him a supposititious kind of influence; and even Moore condescended to flatter "my dear Hunt," in hopes to mollify the hebdomadal critic. He started the *Reflector*, a quarterly journal; which, though not successful in a pecuniary sense, brought him still more before the public, and served for the publication of longer pieces than the *Examiner* could contain, amongst them his *Feast of the Poets*. He was prosecuted by Attorney-General Gibbs, and reached the honors of martyrdom in a rose-papered room with clouded ceiling in Horsemonger Lane. He published *Rimini*; he acted as a half-patron half-obstetrician to small poets, and one or two larger ones—as Barry Cornwall and Keats. His friendship with them, and with Shelley, Hazlitt, and Lamb, threw an adventitious glare upon him; which was increased by their herding together and praising one another. Political animosity and old tory insolence, probably (as Mr. Hunt intimates) some remembrance of old scores, and, quite as likely, some genuine aversion to the maudlin affectation of his morality or immorality and his sentimental scepticism, rendered his tastes, his poetry, his politics, and his morals, a theme for attack and ridicule; and he was dubbed head of a "Cockney" school—perhaps without much reason; for his apparent disciples in verse were as likely to have drawn their love for *simple* nature from Wordsworth, missing his strength, and in prose we do not know that Leigh Hunt has an imitator of any mark.

Those days did not last. The old tory party gave signs of decay; influential political opinions began more to approximate, politicians to become less violent. Leigh Hunt, no longer an object of

* The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries. In three volumes. Published by Smith and Elder. [Republished by Harper & Brothers.]

attack, would no longer have been so conspicuous. Ere this, however, an internal enemy was at work, before which empires have fallen—diminished supplies. Whether owing, as Mr. Hunt seems to think, to the hostility of tory enemies and the shillyshallyness of pretended whig friends, or whether, as is quite as likely, the editor continued to harp upon old notions in an old style when the taste and opinion of the world had changed, the sale of the *Examiner* declined, and would continue declining. The *Indicator* was started; but, though successful, was not sufficiently successful. Some other source of income had to be looked to; and, at Shelley's suggestion and with his assistance, Mr. Hunt went to Italy, in 1822, to commence the *Liberal*. This project ended as everybody who knew anything about such undertakings could have predicted from the first; for even had Shelley lived, he could not have supplied the business experience, the necessary information, the uniformity of character, or the editorial control. How it went on and ended, is already well known from the quarto which Mr. Hunt published on the subject, and the counter story in Moore's *Life of Byron*. On his return to England, Mr. Hunt appears to have led the life of the old author; "toiling for the day passing over him," and, if we rightly interpret his excuses for writing this book, rather forestalling the future. He published the *Companion*, a sort of successor to the *Indicator*. Besides the quarto about Byron, he wrote *Sir Ralph Esher* for Colburn; and he attempted a variety of other things, without success in the point where success was chiefly desirable; though it must be said that the public, critics, and we believe political "organs" of every class, welcomed his efforts in the kindest spirit. How badly things have gone with him for these last twenty years, the following extracts will indicate.

We left Epsom to return to the neighborhood of London, which was ever the natural abiding-place of men of letters, till railroads enlarged their bounds. We found a house in a sequestered corner of Old Brompton, and a landlord in the person of my friend Charles Knight; with whom an intercourse commenced, which I believe has been a pleasure on both sides. I am sure it has been a good to myself. If I had not a reverence of a peculiar sort for the inevitable past, I could wish that I had begun writing for Mr. Knight immediately, instead of attempting to set up another periodical work of my own, without either means to promulgate it, or health to render the failure of little consequence. I speak of a literary and theatrical paper called the *Tatler*. It was a very little work, consisting but of four folio pages; but it was a daily publication; I did it all myself, except when too ill; and illness seldom hindered me either from supplying the review of a book, going every night to the play, or writing the notice of the play the same night at the printing-office. The consequence was, that the work, slight as it looked, nearly killed me; for it never prospered beyond the coterie of playgoing readers, to whom it was almost exclusively known; and I was sensible of becoming

weaker and poorer every day. When I came home at night, often at morning, I used to feel as if I could hardly speak; and for a year and a half afterwards a certain grain of fatigue seemed to pervade my limbs, which I thought would never go off. Such, nevertheless, is a habit of the mind, it it be but cultivated, that my spirits never seemed better, nor did I ever write theatricals so well as in the pages of this most unremunerating speculation.

I had attempted just before to set up a little work called *Chat of the Week*; which was to talk, without scandal, of anything worth public notice. The government put a stop to this speculation, by insisting that it should have a stamp. * * * *

In a year or two after the cessation of the *Tatler*, my collected verses were published by subscription, (not of course solicited;) and, as a reaction by this time had taken place in favor of political and other progress, and the honest portion of its opponents had not been unwilling to discover the honesty of those with whom they differed, a very handsome list of subscribers appeared in the *Times* newspaper, comprising names of all shades of opinion, some of my sharpest personal antagonists not excepted. It was by mere accident that the list was omitted in the volume. I was gratified to hear that the first person who went and put down his name at the bookseller's was the present Belgian ambassador, M. Van de Weyer. I fancied that I saw in this proceeding the combined manifestation of a willing personal reader and a corroborator of the good-will entertained towards me by the illustrious house which he served. For, in my desire to be loyal whenever I could, I had written some verses on the death of the Princess Charlotte, not without expressions due to the merits of the prince her husband; and it was only from a doubt of their being worthy of the subject that they were not republished in the volume.

* * * *

Poems of the kind just mentioned (*Captain Sword and Captain Pen*) were great solaces to care; but the care was great notwithstanding. I felt age coming on me, and difficulties not lessened by failing projects; nor was I able, had I been never so inclined, to render my faculties profitable "in the market." It is easy to say to a man, Write such and such a thing, and it is sure to sell. Watch the public taste, and act accordingly. Care not for original composition, for inventions or theories of your own, for aesthetics, which the many will be slow to apprehend. Stick to the works of others. Write only in magazines and reviews; or if you must write things of your own, compile. Tell anecdotes. Reproduce histories and biographies. Do anything but write to the few, and you may get rich.

There is a great deal of truth in all this. But a man can only do what he can, or as others will let him. Suppose he has a conscience that will not suffer him to reproduce the works of other people, or even to speak what he thinks commonplace enough to have become common property. Suppose this conscience will not allow him to accommodate himself to the opinion of editors and reviewers. Suppose the editors and reviewers themselves will not encourage him to write on the subjects he understands best, perhaps do not understand the subjects themselves, or at best play with him and delay him, and keep him only as a resource when their own circle fails them. Suppose he has had to work his way up through animosities, political

and religious, and through such clouds of adversity as, even when they have passed away, leave a chill of misfortune round his repute, and make "prosperity" slow to encourage him. Suppose, in addition to all this, he is in bad health, and of fluctuating as well as peculiar powers; of a temperament easily solaced in mind, and as easily drowned in body; quick to enjoy every object in creation, everything in nature and in art, every sight, every sound, every book, picture, and flower, and at the same time really qualified to do nothing, but either to preach the enjoyment of those objects in modes derived from his own particular nature and breeding, or to suffer with mingled cheerfulness and poverty the consequences of advocating some theory on the side of human progress. Great may sometimes be the misery of that man under the necessity of requesting forbearance or undergoing obligation; and terrible will be his doubts whether some of his friends may not think he had better have had a conscience less nice, or an activity less at the mercy of his physique. He will be forced to seek his consolation in what can be the only final consolation of any one who needs a charitable construction, namely, that he has given what he would receive.

I did not understand markets; I could not command editors and reviewers; I therefore obeyed a propensity which had never forsaken me, and wrote a play. Plays are delightful things to write, and tempting things in the contemplation of their profits. They seem to combine the agreeable and the advantageous beyond any other mode of recruiting an author's finances.

Little knows he of Calista. No man, I believe, at least in England, ever delivered himself from difficulties by writing plays. He may live by the stage as actor, or as manager, or as author of all work—that is to say, as one who writes entirely for the actors, and who takes every advantage of times and seasons and the inventions of other men. But if his heroes are real heroes, and not Jones, or real heroines, and not Mrs. Smith or Mrs. Thomson—in other words, if he thinks only of nature while he draws them, and not of the wishes and self-loves of the reigning performers, the latter will have nothing to say to him. He must either concoct his plays under their direction and for their sole personal display, (for in other respects the advice of the actor is desirable,) or he must wait for the appearance of some manager who is at once literary and independent, and no actor himself; and that is a thing which does not occur perhaps twice in a century.

But I anticipate. I wrote the *Legend of Florence*; and though it was rejected at one theatre, I had reason to congratulate myself on its fortune at another. Not that it did for me what I was told it might have done, had I let the husband retain his wife, or had less money perhaps been laid out in its "getting up"; but it produced me two hundred pounds, which was a great refreshment to my sorry purse; it gave me exquisite pleasure in the writing; it received the approbation of the entire weekly and monthly press, (at least I believe so, and I am sure Christopher North graced it with a whole article;) and, lastly, it received crown upon crown, in the presence, twice over, (a rare movement in royalty,) of her majesty and Prince Albert, the former of whom was pleased to express her satisfaction with it to the manager, and the latter to a great statesman, who was so kind as to let me know it.

I owe the performance of this play, first, to a late excellent actress and woman, Mrs. Orger, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, and who obtained it a hearing from Mr. and Mrs. Mathews (Madame Vestris;) secondly, to the zealous interest taken in it by those two cordial persons; and, lastly, to the talents and sympathy of Miss Ellen Tree, (Mrs. Kean,) the tears down whose glowing cheeks encouraged me while it was read, and who has since told me that she regarded my heroine as her best performance.

I have since written four dramatic pieces of which the public knows nothing; one, a blank verse play in five acts; another, also blank verse, in three acts; the third, a mixed piece of verse and prose, in two acts; and the fourth, a farce or petty comedy, also in two acts. In one of these pieces Mrs. Kean has taken voluntary and repeated interest; of another she has spoken in the highest terms; a third is in the hands of Mrs. Mowatt, whose goodwill to it was rendered of no avail by the closing of the theatre which she graced; and the fourth has been nearly two years in the hands of an applauding manager. Taking the pieces all together, I have been nine years attempting in vain to get them acted.

About a dozen years ago, in consequence of disappointments of this kind, and of those before mentioned, some friends renewed an application to Lord Melbourne, which they had made in the reign previous. It was thought that my sufferings in the cause of reform, and my career as a man of letters, rendered me not undeserving a pension. His lordship received both the applications with a courtesy which he does not appear to have shown in quarters where the interest might have been thought greater; but the pension was not granted. Perhaps the courtesy was on that account. Perhaps he gave my friends these and other evidence of his good-will towards me, knowing that he should advise nothing further; for I had twice during his administration received grants from the Royal Bounty Fund, of two hundred pounds each, once during the reign of King William, and the second after the accession of her majesty. It subsequently turned out, that Lord Melbourne considered it proper for no man to have a pension given him by one sovereign, who had been condemned in a court of law for opposing another. I will not say "libelling," for Lord Melbourne's friends, and perhaps himself when a young wit, had plentifully libelled sovereign people. Had I been acquitted by the Carlton House judge's grand jury, the "libel" would have gone for nothing. The reason, in fact, was so futile, and indeed so dangerous to royalty itself and its hold upon the affections, considering that a man may oppose one sovereign out of the very feelings which render him the devoted subject of another, (which was the case in this very instance,) that a more reflecting minister did not choose to abide by it, and the pension, as the reader has seen, was subsequently given me.

The style of the present work is in Mr. Hunt's "later manner;" closer and soberer than it was in his "hot youth, when George the Third was king," without losing the pleasantness of the writing. Some of the old leaven still remains, however; there are digressions that stop the narrative without answering any other end than to insert opinions which are scarcely worth recording,

with frequent bits of parenthetical egotism, that remind one too much of the old lackadaisical mannerism, and of that vanity which parades a plea of guilty to weaknesses in order to win admiration for prettiness and candor. The attraction of the book is in its narrative, which carries the reader connectedly and pleasantly over old times, and calls up before him some of the principal persons and events from the American war to these times. The most interesting facts are reminiscences of the men and manners and players of the author's earlier days, which are done with his best discrimination and his wonted ease. The work, however, will rather disappoint the public; for there is little in it that is new, except what relates to the present reign. Those who are familiar with Mr. Hunt's writings will recognize nearly the whole of what is now given again to the world, though mostly rewritten. A new light, too, has come over the author. He wishes a truce of compliment, if not a peace, with his enemies at all events. The Byron business is melted down to harmlessness, Mr. Moore is forgiven his sins, and even Castlereagh comes within the pale; but as a set-off, Wordsworth is damned with faint praise, and not too much of that; Carlyle is taken to task for strong speaking; and poor Mr. Monckton Milnes was evidently guilty of a crime in writing the life of Keats—though the ostensible charge is the absurd one of giving Mr. Hunt "extreme pain" by stating a truth. Changes of opinion are not, however, peculiar to Mr. Hunt; the world itself has changed. The thing which will be most distasteful to the reader, we fancy, is the unrefined honey-water style of the change, which recalls Aristotle's observation as to the propinquity of the demagogue and the court favorite. It is a mistake, it seems, to suppose that Mr. Hunt was ever a man of extreme opinions; he set the present fashion forty years ago, though it was not generally followed till now. At the time when Gibbs was prosecuting him, his views were exactly those of her present majesty and her present minister, with a difference in the expression. He tells us—"The opinions of the *Examiner*, in fact, both as to state and church government, allowing, of course, for difference of position in the parties and tone in their manifestation, were those now swaying the destinies of the country in the persons of Queen Victoria and her minister Lord John Russell." (Vol. ii., page 77.) Thanks to this pair of fates, we have reached a religious and political optimism. We need not trouble ourselves to ask Pilate's question, "What is truth?" it is practically resolved for our understanding now and henceforth. "Sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more."

THE depositors in the savings-banks of Great Britain and Ireland, in 1847, were 1,095,554, and the deposits 30,207,180*l.*; in 1848, these numbers fell off to 1,056,881, and 28,114,136*l.*; but in 1849, they rose again to 1,087,354, and 28,537,100*l.*

From the New York Evening Post.

THE MORMONS.

T. L. KANE'S DISCOURSE.—We have a pamphlet with this title, containing a discourse recently delivered at Philadelphia, by Colonel Thomas L. Kane, before the Historical Society of that city. It contains an account of the author's visit to the Mormon pilgrims, in their encampment, in the western deserts. The narrative of their controversies with the people of the western states, of the persecutions they endured, and the violence by which they were driven forth to seek an asylum in the wilderness, is skilfully drawn up, and extremely interesting. It is these outcasts of Missouri and Illinois who have founded the prosperous and powerful country of Deseret, to which the Mormons of Europe are gathering.

Our readers may, perhaps, remember Colonel Kane's benevolent efforts, on his return from the west, to excite the public sympathy in favor of these proscribed and unfortunate men; efforts which were, in some degree, successful. He has now the satisfaction of seeing their day of adversity at an end. We can make but one extract from this clever pamphlet, the whole of which our readers will do well to peruse for themselves.

THE LOCUST OF THE SALT LAKE.

The shores of the Salt Lake are infested by a sort of insect pest, which claims a vile resemblance to the locust of the Syrian Dead Sea. Wingless, dumpy, black, swollen-headed, with bulging eyes in cases like goggles, mounted upon legs of steel wire and clock-spring, and with a general personal appearance that justified the Mormons in comparing him to a cross of the spider on the Buffalo, the Deseret cricket comes down from the mountains at a certain season of the year, in voracious and desolating myriads. It was just at this season that the first crops of the new settlers were in the full glory of their youthful green. The assailants could not be repulsed. The Mormons, after their fashion, prayed and fought, and fought and prayed, but to no purpose. The "Black Philistines" mowed their way even with the ground, leaving it as if touched with an acid or burnt by fire.

But an unlooked for ally came to the rescue. Vast armies of bright birds, before strangers to the valley, hastened across the lake from some unknown quarter, and gorged themselves upon the well fattened enemy. They were snow-white, with little heads and clear dark eyes, and little feet, and long wings, that arched in flight "like an angel's." At first the Mormons thought they were new enemies to plague them; but when they found them hostile only to the locusts, they were careful not to molest them in their friendly office, and, to this end, declared a heavy fine against all who should kill or annoy them with fire-arms. The gulls soon grew to be tame as the poultry, and the delighted little children learned to call them their pigeons. They disappeared every evening beyond the lake; but, returning with sunrise, continued their welcome visitings till the crickets were all exterminated.

This curious incident occurred the following year, with this variation, that in 1849, the gulls came earlier and saved the wheat crops from all harm whatever.

From the Spectator.

GEORGE'S MEMOIRS OF THE QUEENS OF SPAIN.*

MISS STRICKLAND'S *Lives of the Queens of England* has probably suggested the idea of these *Memoirs of the Queens of Spain*, without a due consideration of the difference of circumstances. Till the fifteenth century, Spain was nearly as much divided as England under the Heptarchy; for, in addition to the several Spanish kingdoms, she had the Moors established in her territory as a sovereign nation. It was not till the fall of Granada, in 1492, that Spain became as united a kingdom as England was four centuries earlier, under the Conqueror and his son Rufus. The difference is almost as great in the materials at the biographer's disposal. In the ballad of the *Cid*, Spain has indeed a poem of high character; and several of her chronicles, in point of original knowledge and worldly spirit, are beyond what England can show for the same time. But Spain lacks the number of authorities—the *quantity* of materials; above all, she wants the minute records of our Exchequer, which often throw such a curious light on the manners of the age, and the household life of the sovereigns, by their detailed disbursements of the court. The deficiency of material is peculiarly felt in the case of the queens of Spain; who do not seem to have been much considered, unless they were acting as regents, or were remarkable to their discredit. The lives of the Gothic queens, and many of the queens of the separate Spanish kingdoms, furnish little more than a muster-roll of names; the very names of some are unknown. In most cases the biographies of the book are rather of the king than the queen.

In such circumstances, it would have been better to take a summary review of the subject, than to attempt a series of lives without sufficient materials. In this introduction, the facts in connection with such of the queens as had not sufficient matter recorded to furnish a life, might have been used to illustrate the state of opinion and society in those early ages. Laws, ballad-poetry, with the stories or anecdotes of the chroniclers, might all have been applied to the same purpose; and an essay, lively, interesting, and informing, been produced, instead of a frequently rather dry account of names, dates, and common facts, without the circumstances that give them life and color. Thus, for example, during the Gothic period, and in the reign of Egica, who died in 701, a law was passed that every queen who survived her husband should become a nun—"that she might never be exposed to insult;" a fact which sufficiently intimates the very *Gothic* state of manners,

* *Memoirs of the Queens of Spain*, from the Period of the Conquest of the Goths to the Accession of her present Majesty, Isabella II.; with the Remarkable Events that occurred during their respective reigns, and Anecdotes of their several Courts. By Anita George. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Miss Julia Pardoe, Author of "*Memoirs of Francis the First*," &c. Vol. I. Published by Bentley.

as well as the superstition prevalent in Spain before the Moors. Nor were matters very greatly improved afterwards. James the Second, of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, who flourished in the thirteenth century, learning that his confessor had betrayed the fact of his secret marriage to the Pope, cut out the faithless bishop's tongue. In the fifteenth century, Maria of Castile, perceiving that the king's affections were attracted to one of her ladies, Doña Margarita de Ijar, had her strangled in a fit of jealousy. Deeds such as these, and darker, were relieved by chivalrous actions; sometimes verging upon folly in a business view of the matter—as in the adventure of Queen Berengaria with the Moors. In 1139, this queen was besieged in Toledo; having demanded a parley, she appeared on the ramparts, and, addressing the Moorish chiefs, reproached them as recreant knights thus to besiege a woman, when their arms were needed to defend Overa, at that time besieged by her husband. The Moorish cavaliers acknowledged the justice of the lady's taunts, and ordered a retreat; the queen condescending to receive the homage of the troops as they filed off under the walls. More frequently, however, the chivalry was not so pure on all sides; the spirit of the cavalier being combined with basenesses of barbarism, of which modern times can scarcely form an idea. In the eleventh century, Sancho, King of Aragon, and of Castile in right of his wife, determined to wage war against the Moors, and appointed his queen a sort of regent, giving her greater charge as to his horses than his lieges.

Ere he departed on this expedition, Don Sancho earnestly commended to the queen's care a horse by which he set great store. In those days, the Spaniards considered their horses, hawks, and arms, as their most valuable property. During the king's absence, Garcia, the eldest son, requested the queen to lend him his father's favorite steed; and she was on the point of acceding to his desire, when Pedro Sese, master of the horse to the king, interfered, representing to her how much incensed the sovereign would be by her so doing. Her denial so much infuriated the rash youth, that he immediately wrote to his father, accusing Doña Nuña of criminal intercourse with the master of the horse. Surprised at the extraordinary tidings, the king hastened home; but, though the previous conduct of the queen gave the lie to this infamous charge, on the other hand it seemed utterly improbable that a son would coin this fearful tale without some foundation. Ferdinand, indeed, did not corroborate his brother's statement, but neither did he contradict it; and, when questioned, replied in a dubious manner as to increase the king's perplexity. The unhappy queen was imprisoned in the castle of Najera; and the assembled nob decreed that, according to the customs of the age, her guilt or innocence should be decided by a duel, and that, should her champion be defeated, should she find no knight willing to do battle for her behalf, she should perish at the stake. Her chances in Doña Nuña's favor were small indeed; the high rank of her accuser deterring many, and, convinced of her innocence, would otherwise have been willing to peril their lives to vindicate

honor; and the fatal day arrived, bringing no hope of rescue to the doomed victim. In this extremity, when a cruel and lingering death seemed inevitable, an unexpected champion entered the lists, and accepted the slanderer's defiance. The bold knight who, compassionating the wretched mother, convinced of the falseness of the accusation, or actuated by some feeling of private animosity against the accuser, espoused the cause of Nuña, was Don Ramiro, a natural son of the king by a Navarrese lady of rank. Whatever might have been the issue of the combat, it could not but prove a sad one to the monarch; but it was happily prevented by the interference of a monk, a man of great eloquence, and held in high repute for his sanctity. Horror-struck at the sight of two brothers arrayed in arms against each other, the holy man descended into the lists, and so wrought on the minds of both Garcia and Ferdinand, that, casting themselves at the king's feet, they proclaimed the queen's innocence, and confessed their own guilt. After the most severe reproaches, Don Sancho left the punishment of the culprits to the queen, giving her full authority to act towards them according to her pleasure. Overcome by the entreaties of the nobles, who interceded for their pardon, Nuña forgave her unnatural sons, but exacted from the king that he should name her gallant champion heir to the Condado of Aragon, his noble conduct amply atoning for the stain upon his birth.

An introductory survey of the position of queens and women in the Peninsula during the darker ages of Spain, and an illustrated review of the queens till materials were accumulated in sufficient number and detail to justify the compilation of particular lives, would have given to this book a unity, and it may be said an interest, which it does not now possess. It is true that many curious traits of character and manners are scattered through the volume; but the reader has to pick them out for himself, and they miss their effect, being overwhelmed by other matter. As the biographies are presented in the classes of Queens of Oviedo and Leon, Queens of Aragon, and Queens of Castile and Leon, and as much is told of the husband and his reign as of the life of the wife, an idea of Spanish history may be gathered from the volume, though in a confused and imperfect way. The succeeding volumes, which will commence with the celebrated Isabella, and the subjection of Spain to a single monarch, will doubtless be more interesting. The fair author of the volume is a Spanish lady, who has written her work, it strikes us, in America. If so, it will probably turn out that the book is a reprint, to which a copyright is sought to be given by Miss Pardoe's introduction and notes. These notes will be found informing, and occasionally corrective.

From the St. Louis Presbyterian.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

It is a common remark, how personal intimacy with members of another religious denomination often modifies one's views of their doctrines, and

the effect of their doctrines upon the religious character. As an illustration of this remark, read the following:

Six years ago, I was on shipboard, just ready to sail for Havana, when a young invalid made his appearance on board. I inquired of the captain his name. He replied, "Rev. Mr. Carey." Can this, thought I, be the Rev. Arthur Carey, about whom I have lately read and thought and talked so much?

It was he. His ordination, and the consequent war in the Episcopal Church, had occurred but a short time previous, while I was a student in theology, and it may easily be imagined that I was not much prejudiced in his favor. Several days elapsed before Mr. C. was well enough to appear upon deck, but on a fine, sunny day, I had opportunity to make his acquaintance, and we almost immediately engaged in conversation upon a subject in which he and I were almost equally interested. It would be improper to mention all that was said, as the names and conduct of persons still living were freely spoken of.

Having told him that, according to my understanding of the matter, his expressed views agreed very well with the Liturgy of his church, and that therefore ordination in that church was his indisputable right; he seemed pleased that a person of another denomination should admit so much, and to my questions gave free and prompt answers.

I found him to be a man of clear, philosophical intellect, and logical views. Wherever he had doubts he expressed them frankly; as, for instance, on the *purgatory* question. But, in general, he was decided as to the abstract truth of what we call the "High Church" views. But on the nature and manner of justification, which, in my opinion, was the only *practically* important doctrine discussed by us, I could discover no difference between us. He emphatically denied believing that any man could be saved by the merit of his works; and when I came to ask for *explanations* of his views on the other points, I found that the difference between us, in many cases, was the difference between "tweedledum and tweedledee;" and though I was well aware that a less difference than that had often startled the theological virus in my newly inoculated system, my heart was so engaged by his amiable manners, that I determined it should be no cause of quarrel between us now. He manifested both his amiableness and the practical character of his religion, by frequently, in the course of our interviews, speaking of the Sunday school children and the congregation which he had left with regret.

After a few days, the weather growing stormy and the sea rough, he became weaker, and was confined to his berth, and expressed doubts of his living to reach port. He expressed a perfect readiness to die, but said, of his own accord, that he had no great joys or raptures, as some had, in the thought of death.—I then asked him, "Do you expect to be saved by the atonement of Christ alone?" He fixed his large, dark eye steadily and calmly upon me, as if to ascertain the exact cause of such a question being put to him, and replied, "Of course I do."

He thanked me when I offered to read to him. I asked, "What shall I read now?" meaning what *book*. He, as if there was but *one* book, replied, "Read in St. Paul's epistles, for I am most familiar with them."

I read and finished the thirteenth chapter of the First Corinthians, which he said was a beautiful chapter, and then I asked, "Shall I read on?"

"No," said he, "the next chapter is not of much importance."

On the day before the arrival of our vessel in Havana, his spirits were considerably revived, and he thought that when once comfortably on shore, he should be better; but even while we were in sight of the palm trees and plantations on the island, he was seized, for the first time I believe, with a violent hemorrhage from the lungs. We brought him into the cabin, and made his bed on the table. While his fellow-passengers ministered to him with faces of deep anxiety, the expression of his eye never once changed. I shall never forget the unearthly calmness of that face, even to his last struggling breath—even while he looked on me, as I held the bowl to his mouth to receive the last drop of his life's blood, the bright but placid gleam of his eye changed to the glassy glare of death.

If we carried the dead body into Havana, it was thought by the captain and experienced passengers that we should be subjected to a tedious quarantine; nevertheless, the passengers unanimously expressed their willingness to undergo it, if it was the wish of the afflicted and agonized father, who was with us. But he, knowing the state of the case, and, also, that for a foreigner and a Protestant to bury his son in Havana, would cost a great deal of delay, trouble, and expense, decided to commit his body to the sea.

In the morning, about nine o'clock, when within three miles of Moro Castle, the foretopsails were backed, and all hands called aft to bury the dead. The body was brought upon deck, sewn in a canvass winding-sheet, and a weight of iron attached to the feet of the corpse, which was laid upon a plank, one end of which rested upon the railing of the quarter-deck.

The solemn burial service of the Episcopal Church was read by myself, the crew and passengers standing uncovered around. At the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the inner end of the plank was raised, and the corpse shot quick into the bosom of the deep blue sea, and was out of sight in a moment. For some time we continued gazing into the water, as if hoping that we might discern the lost one reposing on his bed of coral below. Among these "hollow wreathed chambers" he found a tomb more gorgeous than any that human hands could have erected over him in Greenwood or Auburn.

From the New York Evening Post.

A MEDITATION

ON THE MORTALITY IN THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS
IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK DURING THE LAST
QUARTER OF A CENTURY.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—It has been my practice for the last twenty-five years to attend the Yearly Meeting of Friends in this city, and during that period I have had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with a large number of their distinguished preachers and members. The first meeting I attended in this city was in 1825, and being pleased with the preaching of the venerable Elias Hicks, I took notes of two discourses, which I afterwards wrote out, and James V. Seaman published them. These were the first

printed sermons of Elias Hicks. Afterwards Mr. Gould, stenographer, attended his meetings, and reported and published two or three volumes of his discourses.

At the late Yearly Meeting in Rose street, I was led to reflect upon the change which death had made in the society since I first met in that place. I called to remembrance a number whom I personally knew and highly esteemed, and here are the names of some of them:

Thomas Weatherald, of Washington city, one of the most able and eloquent men I ever heard.

Dr. Edward Stabler, of Alexandria, a classical scholar, and a highly interesting preacher.

Elias Hicks, whose praise is in all the churches, as a philosopher, philanthropist and Christian. His purity of life, and simplicity of manners, refuted all the slanders of his enemies on account of heretical opinions.

Jeremiah Thompson, one of the most correct and systematic merchants in the United States. Liberality and humanity were conspicuous in all his transactions, and, notwithstanding his misfortunes, he lived and died beloved and respected by all who knew him.

John Barrow, President of the City Insurance Company, a plain, practical and solid Christian.

Jordan Wright, a worthy and excellent man.

Isaac Wright, President of the City Bank, and founder of the celebrated "Black Ball" line of packets to Liverpool.

Francis Thompson, an active and distinguished merchant, connected by marriage with the foregoing.

Benjamin D. Hicks, an amiable and modest man.

Samuel Hicks, a distinguished merchant, universally beloved, and his death greatly lamented.

Willett Hicks, a respectable merchant, a good preacher, an amiable, benevolent, and good man.

Robert Hicks, distinguished for his colloquial powers and strong good sense, a warm friend of the Seneca Indians and an advocate of their rights.

Edward Hicks, of Pennsylvania, an eloquent preacher, and, what is remarkable in a Friend, particularly attached to the fine arts.

Valentine Hicks, of Jericho, a retired merchant, highly esteemed for his estimable qualities as a man and a Christian.

John Merritt, a solid, worthy and useful Christian.

Isaac Sherwood, a plain and sensible man, a pious and upright Christian.

Thomas Hazard, a sensible and facetious man, full of information, a sterling republican, and one of the seven, in New Bedford, who voted for Thomas Jefferson.

George Corlies, a plain mechanic, but full of benevolence, and lived to a great age.

Doctor Valentine Seaman, intelligent, learned and modest.

Doctor Blatchley, eccentric, but sincerely and truly pious.

George F. White, one of the ablest preachers in the society, and distinguished for his love of truth, moral courage and powerful eloquence. His loss is deeply deplored by all who knew him.

I might add to this list many more excellent and worthy men, who have gone the way of all the earth, but this is sufficient to show death's doings in this small sect, and furnishes a warning to all, to be "also ready."

NOT A MEMBER,
BUT A FRIEND TO THEIR PRINCIPLES.

From the Examiner.

Gazpacho, or Summer Months in Spain. By WM. GEORGE CLARK, M. A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Parker.

MADRID, that "loyal, noble, and crowned" capital, which Spaniards believe to be older than Rome, wiser than Athens, and fairer than Byzantium, possesses one advantage at least which will hardly be disputed by the most acetose stranger who ever sighed for his native Pall Mall or Boulevard amongst the fans and mantillas of the Prado. It is the central point of the Peninsula; and, being nearly equidistant from all the chief seaports and frontier towns of Spain, it cannot be reached without a sort of journey quite foreign to Transpyrean experience.

From the earthly paradise of the Spaniard a few roads radiate to the provinces; and along any one of these the traveller may be jolted at tolerable speed and with incredible uproar, in a diligence drawn by a herd of mules and guided by a company of men with flower-pots embroidered on their backs, who leap off and on the vehicle, flog their cattle or pelt them with stones, scream, sing, swear, from the beginning to the end of the journey. You start at daybreak; you halt at five in the evening; you are aroused again at midnight; and you are fed at long intervals, on chocolate, eggs, and various preparations of garlic, which are usually more novel than nice; but in due time you and your portmanteau are delivered at one of the execrable inns near the Puerta del Sol. But if you are not going direct to the capital; if, for instance, you want to go from Valladolid to Salamanca; then, indeed, you launch upon a sea of troubles. Mules must be hired from some dealer in the article, whom it is not always easy to find, and at a price which you must discover and adjust by your own natural acuteness. You must also carefully study the route, and ascertain by cross-examination whether your guide has ever travelled it before; for the Spanish muleteer, like the Italian vetturino and the biblical patriarch, will go out, not knowing whither he goes—and, if he likes your pay, will undertake to conduct you to the wall of China. Lastly, you must lay in a stock of provisions according to your opportunities, appetite and culinary force. In short, "but for certain books of Miguel Cervantes, and Ricardo Ford, which, by the way, Mr. Urquhart has lately discovered to be absurdly overrated, but which you, knowing no better, have probably got in your saddlebags, you travel exactly as Navagiero, the Venetian Magnifico, travelled, over the same road and with the same impediments, three centuries ago, when the Emperor Charles was king of the Spains.

But these discomforts are not without their compensations. Beneath a genial sky, vocal with innumerable larks, you ride over aromatic heath, or limitless corn lands, or through gray woods of ilex; each village has its church or ruined convent, each town some gem of Moorish or Christian architecture, or at least an antique market

place filled with picturesque groups to add somewhat to the stores of your sketch-book or your memory. Plain fare, wholesome toil, and sound slumber fill your veins with health, and a respite from the daily task and care of home restores the tone of the most jaded spirits. Even the obstacles and petty hardships encountered are not without their charm: the game, be it "stag of ten" or jack-snipe, is ever valued in proportion to the trouble of bagging it: each object, when gained, is enhanced in value by the pains which it has cost. Folios belong to the times when an author was forced to run from friar to friar for license to print, and doubtless swelled the hearts of their parents with a joy unknown to the most successful serialist of these days of free trade in thought. So the traveller who has forced his way through the Iberian Peninsula returns with a glow of triumph on his cheek and journal not to be acquired on this side "the Pyrenean and the Po."

Hence the light and agreeable dish of Spanish fare which has just been set before us under the name of *Gazpacho*. *Gazpacho*, something between a cold soup and a salad, is made of chopped herbs, bread-crumbs, oil, vinegar, and water; and forms the simple anti-phlogistic diet by which the Spaniard keeps his blood cool in dog-days. "Its materials are easily come by, and its concoction," says the present concocter with becoming modesty, "requires no skill." Be this as it may, we have partaken of the mixture with pleasure; and we believe the public will join us in assigning it an honorable place in the year's bill of literary fare.

Mr. Clark's tour, performed in the long vacation of 1849, is a proof of how much travel may be accomplished in a little time well employed. The lime-tree walks of Trinity were in their thickest June foliage ere he left them; they still wore their October livery, brown as audit ale, when he returned. Within these four months he had seen some of the finest portions of Castile, Grenada, and Seville; he had spent some pleasant weeks in each of their capitals; and he had made himself fairly acquainted with the language, habits, literature, and art, of a new people.

He entered Spain by way of Bayonne, and made his first halt at Burgos, where, like other travellers new to the country, he was somewhat disheartened by the savage style of entertainment provided for man and beast at the posada. From his complaint "that it was infested by diligences, and entirely served by women," we conclude that it was the Posada de las Diligencias, where former travellers have been told by the hostess, in reply to expostulations about the roise and dirt which surrounded them, that it was impossible to find an inn where there was better service, for she had married off no less than thirty-three of her "muchacas" in less than ten years. Weary with his journey, Mr. Clark tried to sleep off his fatigues, but the tumult of this temple of Hymen forbidding, he dined with the Santander diligence "on a profusion of strong meats unknown to the

Cis-Pyrenean cuisine." His after-dinner stroll, too, we shall leave him to recount: it was of course to the

CATHEDRAL OF BURGOS.

The feast over, I sallied out; for the scanty strip of shadow in the street had now widened to a comfortable breadth, and the town was waking, after its own drowsy fashion. Here and there I saw a dame or damsel, wearing a mantilla, and that awful don't-speak-to-me countenance which ladies generally assume on their way to church. I followed one of these black angels accordingly, for my first object was the cathedral; and I was not mistaken—in two minutes I stood before the gate of the south transept.

Enter; and what a change "from glow to gloom!"—from the common glare of day to a charmed twilight!—from prose to poetry! Then you can feel the joy with which the weary traveller in the desert flings himself down to rest on the far-seen, long-wished-for oasis, by the fountain beneath the palms. And those vast pillars, with that arched roof, are more impervious to the sun than the trunks and leaves of any banana, and those streams of gentle music flow sweeter than falling water.

In a southern climate the exigencies of nature aid the endeavors of art, and endue the cathedral with a new significance. The fierce sun and fiercer sirocco, against which no common dwelling is proof, are not felt in the house of God. It is the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

The superstition which in England consigned the north side of the church, with its dank mould and green lichens, to the evil one, is unknown in other and sunnier lands. "On the north side," says the great poet-prophet, (as true to nature in the one capacity, as he is true to God in the other,) "On the north side lieth the city of the great King." The north side is ever the chosen place for beggars, the halt and the blind, who, else homeless, gather under the shelter of its liberal shadow.

For a moment after you enter the church all is night, but gradually its glories dawn upon you one by one. Round the massive pillars are clustered niches and canopies, rich in fantastic tracery, and from each an Evangelist with a book, or bishop with pastoral staff, looks down on the few worshippers who kneel below, almost as motionless. The grand old Gothic—that Catholic mould in which all Christian Europe has striven best to express its devotion—is varied here by details which epitomize the character and history of Spain. The stern, grave figures cut in the white stone represent well the patricians of Old Castile, proud of their unblemished honor and unquestionable resolve; the costly and varied marbles, and graceful foliage enwreathing many a tomb, and the altar screens, blazing with gold, recall the days when Spain had at her command the quarries of Carrara, the pliant fancy of Genoa, and the untold treasures of the New World.

You will be roused from your day-dream by the cessation of the music and the pattering feet of the departing worshippers, or probably by some hobbling old verger, who taps you on the shoulder with his wand, and intimates that, vespers over, he is now at liberty to serve Mammon in a small way, by showing you the chapels. Let us go with him by all means—we shall not grudge the fee.

He will take you first to the Capilla del Condes-

table, a gorgeous specimen of florid Gothic in full bloom. In the centre, on separate tombs, lie the effigies of the said Constable and his wife, all in white marble, in their habit as they lived. A long inscription records the titles of the founder, whose only title to posthumous fame, after all, is the splendid mausoleum which preserves his memory and name. Pedro Hernandez de Velasco was wiser in his generation than all the Pharaohs of Egypt.

Let us go on, and look at a picture attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and quite in his manner. It is a Magdalen, calm, yet full of sorrow, with all her golden hair hanging in wavy tresses about her face. You can see the fair, smooth skin gleaming through.

There is yet another picture, attached to a still greater name—to Michael Angelo himself. A Virgin, robed in red and blue, holds the child in her arms. Two little angels, with palm branches, hover above. In the distance is a green landscape. The child is exquisite, like one of Raphael's happiest creations. The sweet face of the Virgin has something Spanish in its character, but the picture is Italian beyond doubt. Is it Michael Angelo's? It appears to me, (speaking with the diffidence which becomes a layman in art,) that in hardness of outline, and strongly-contrasted colors, this picture has a decided resemblance to that which bears the name of Michael Angelo in the tribune of the Uffizi, at Florence. But the genuineness even of that is questioned. Nay, I believe it is a moot point whether he ever painted an easel picture at all. But the good verger is showing signs of impatience. Let us permit him to draw the curtain over the picture and the discussion.

Arrived at Madrid, Mr. Clark pays the usual compliments to the Prado at nightfall, rustling with mantillas and lit with ladies' eyes; and to the stately street of Alcalá, beautiful at all hours, in the sultry solitude of noon, or when pouring a torrent of many-colored life through its proud portals to the bull-fight. To that national sport, one lively chapter is devoted; and another, full of sound and sensible criticism, to the splendid picture-gallery of the Spanish Queen. The newspaper also, over which he sipped his chocolate, afforded him matter for some pleasant pages. In the infancy of that fourth estate, of which Mr. Knight Hunt has so graphically sketched the history, journalism sprouted as vigorously in Spain as in the land of the *Times*. The *Cartas* and *Relaciones*, written at Madrid in the days of Philip III. and Philip IV., were at least equal to our own news-letters, those poor runlets through which intelligence trickled feebly from London to the provinces. Andres de Mendoza, the author of those rare and precious broadsides which describe the doings of Charles I. when wooing the Infanta at Madrid, was a better writer than old Nathaniel Butter, the father of our craft in England. But in Spain it was long ere the bud opened into anything like a blossom. When Harley and St. John, Shaftesbury, Steele, and Addison, were elaborating their articles as carefully as their speeches, the Ubillas and Oropesas of Madrid, though they might have condescended to the picador's lance, would never have soiled

their fingers with the journalist's pen. In fact, it was not till after the death of Ferdinand VII. that the power of the press began to be felt or acknowledged, and the political writer to climb into the high places of the state. For this state of things the press and the public were perhaps equally responsible; but, whatever the cause, the fact is indisputable, that in that great engine of improvement and private comfort, the newspaper, Spain is especially behind the rest of the world. What the inns of Burgos are to the inns of Frankfurt, the daily prints of Madrid are to the daily prints which are read in the clubs of London and in the cafés of Paris. Mr. Clark's account of them is at once amusing and true.

MADRID NEWSPAPERS.

In form, size, price, and arrangement, they betray the prevailing weakness of Madrid, "un faux air Parisien." The average price is about twelve reals a month, about one penny sterling per diem. They are scarcely one fifth of the size of a London paper; and the editors are obviously put to no trouble or expense in collecting authentic intelligence. It is, therefore, a grievous wrong to compare their cost invidiously with that of our journals. Taking all things into consideration, the *Times* is the cheapest article going—cheaper than your quartern loaf even since the free-trade tariff. The bottom of each of these papers is cut off from the rest, and called the "folletin," (a manifest Gallicism,) devoted to light literature, translations of Sue, and the great Alexander of modern fiction. The political articles appeared to me to be as inferior to their French prototypes in vigor and spirit, as to our "English leaders" in knowledge and good sense. Fortunately for them, the polysyllabic and pleonastic gorgeousness of the Castilian idiom covers the poverty of meaning, just as the manifold Castilian cloak covers a threadbare coat, or a too literal sansculottism. The grand topic of the day was the Hungarian war, on which ground both parties joined battle, and lied furiously. The Moderados were not a whit behind the Progressistas in that. Every day the *Heraldo* detailed grandiloquently the defeats of the rebels, and the *Clamor Público* the triumphs of the patriots. To judge from the articles to which they give insertion, these journals must count largely on the ignorance and credulity of their readers. The *Heraldo* was then publishing a series of verbose epistles from Italy, the writer of which illustrated the marches and operations of the Spanish forces by a profusion of passages, parallel or divergent, from the Latin classics, showing at every step his own consummate ignorance and assurance. I remember, in one letter, he invoked our old friend Socrates in feigned rapture, as "Mount Socrates beloved of Ovid and Propertius!" In the *Clamor* I read another series of letters, written by a Spaniard from London, in which facts and inferences were equally false. The intelligent traveller gave a glowing description of Regent's Park, crowded every afternoon with the carriages of the nobility, each drawn by four horses; of the Opera, where brass buttons and applause were strictly forbidden; of the placards in the streets, announcing that "the Reverend Wilkinson would repeat, for the fourth time, his favorite sermon on Justification by Faith," &c. Among his statistical facts he mentioned that 3,500 persons had committed suicide in

London alone, during the year 1848, and proceeded to account for it after his fashion. In conclusion, he proved to his own satisfaction that "the English are far from being so advanced in political and social progress as—Nosotros!" I always thought *La Patria* the calmest and most rational of all these prints. I had a good opportunity of forming a judgment, for nobody read it except myself.

Laying down this sensible and therefore slighted journal, let us shift the scene from the breakfast table of La Vizcaina, in the Calle Mayor at Madrid, to the foot of the Sierra Nevada; and accompany Mr. Clark in his

ASCENT OF THE PEAK OF VELETA.

When I saw the Peak of Veleta rising deep purple, with a fringe of gold against the morning sky, receding at mid-day into misty distance, and then, as evening came on, approaching once more with a rosy smile—I felt that I should leave a want unsatisfied if I departed from Granada without attempting the ascent. Not that the feat involves any danger, or much difficulty. High as its elevation is, (nearly thirteen thousand feet,) from the absence of glaciers it does not present the same obstacles as many lower peaks and passes of the Alps. This time, warned by experience, I assured myself of a trusty guide (worthy the name) in the person of José Villegas, who had, when a boy, tended goats on the Sierra, and was well acquainted with all its recesses. The saddlebags were loaded with provisions for three days, (as if we had been ancient Greeks going on an expedition,) consisting of cold fowl, ham, cheese, and bread, besides two great leathern scriptural bottles, (filled with wine,) and I am ashamed to say how many cigars.

Thus equipped, we started at three o'clock one fine afternoon in the middle of August. Our path lay, at first, over a bare, brown tract, then along steep hill-sides, occasionally skirting abrupt precipices of earth. Then, as we dipped down towards a stream, we came upon patches of cultivation, and passed more than one cortijo, or farmhouse. We made all haste, but night had fallen sometime before we descended the rugged way which leads to the Cortijo San Geronimo, where we were to rest ourselves and horses. José beguiled the way by repeating a number of legends, which he had heard in his youth from the shepherds of the Sierra. Several of these related to the "Laguna de Vacaras," a small, deep lake, embosomed high in the mountains. One ran thus:—A shepherd was tending his flock by the side of the lake, and there came two men in strange dress, one holding an open book, and the other a fishing-net. And the man read from his book, and said, "Cast the net." And he cast it, and drew up a black horse. And he with the book said, "This is not it; cast again." And he cast, and drew up a pied horse. And he with the book said, "This is not it; cast again." And he cast and drew up a white horse. And he with the book said, "This is it." And they both mounted on the white horse and rode away, and the shepherd saw them no more.

These shepherds believe that some day the lake will burst through the mountain and destroy Granada. One night a shepherd, standing by the lake, heard a voice say—

Shall I strike and break the dike?
Shall I drown Granada Town?

And another voice answered, "Not yet." Another tale was about a friar, and how he met the devil by the lake side. These legends, José said, he had heard the shepherds tell of an evening when sitting in their huts together. In their vague and purposeless character, they resemble rather the fictions of Northern than those of Southern Europe. It may be, however, that they have "hung round the mountains" since the Moorish days.

The cortijo was so full that it was with difficulty that José found a place to lay out the contents of the saddlebags for supper.

Besides women and children without number, there were a lot of soldiers, who lived there during the summer months, to take care of several hundred horses, and with a non-commissioned officer to take care of them. It seems that these *dehesas*, or mountain pastures, formerly monastic property, have now been resumed by the crown, and of late years the government have sent the young horses intended for cavalry service to the Sierra to escape the summer heats, and find the herbage which the scorched central plains do not afford. An English trainer would stare if he saw the rugged pastures to which they are consigned. It is here, doubtless, that they acquire those cat-like qualities which I have before mentioned as characteristic of Spanish horses. I was provided with a clean-looking bed, but, alas, I had scarcely laid down, when I was assailed by myriads of *chinchies*, (known to English ears by an unsavory monosyllable,) whose continued attacks, in the guerilla style, made me repent a thousand times that I had not made my bed upon the stones outside, like José. When I complained to the master of the house of my fellow-lodgers, he replied quietly, "Yes! it's the season for them." So I was glad to get on horseback at midnight, followed by José and one of the soldiers, of whose services we should stand in need by-and-bye.

There was no moonlight, and the mountain presented to the eye a vast black mass, only starred here and there by the ruddy gleam of the shepherd's fires. As we ascended, the cold grew more and more intense, and the stars above shone sharp and clear, (as on a frosty winter's night,) unmellowed by any intervening mist. We had occasionally to dismount, and let our horses follow us over some unusually rough and stony tract, where nature seemed to have carted her rubbish; our progress was therefore slow, and the dawn had already begun to break when we reached the furthest point accessible, even to Spanish horses, perhaps a thousand feet below the summit of the peak. We left our animals in the soldier's care, with directions to meet us in a valley lower down to the left, and commenced the ascent on foot. I made great efforts to reach the top before sunrise—efforts painful enough, in that rarefied atmosphere, and perhaps somewhat dangerous withal, for during several days after I continued partially deaf, my ears being swollen internally. I succeeded, however, in reaching the top just as the sun was rising out of the waters. It was a sight worth any effort, short of breaking a blood-vessel. The mountain up whose steep slopes we had been climbing breaks away toward the east in sheer precipices, at the foot of which is a deep gorge, choked with never-melting snow. The cliffs fronting the sun are bathed in a greenish light. At our feet lay the Alpujarrez, a very jumble of mountains, as if in full revolt still; and beyond that the great sea. A thin haze brooded over its surface, and prevented any reflection of the

morning light, so that it looked, not like water, but a nether heaven—starless, colorless, and void: not boundless, however, for we could see the coast of Africa stretching away beyond, in a dim wavy line.

Gibraltar was hidden by a dark cloud, which the most ardently patriotic eyes would have striven in vain to penetrate; but the mountains beyond Malaga were clearly visible.

Looking westward, the shadow of the mountain was projected in a dark purple cone, and far to the north we could see, over successive Sierras, into La Mancha and Castile; while just below, the whole vega of Granada, with its towns and woods, was spread as distinct as a model.

Very near the summit are some rude stone buildings in ruins, doubtless the remnant of the watch-tower from which the peak derives its name. José, however, had his legend ready for them: "Once upon a time," he said, "there was a Moor, very old and very wise, and he brought his people up to the Picacho, and they dwelt here in these houses for seven years and a day. And during all that time there was no rain nor storm. And at the end of the seven years and a day the old Moor looked out over the sea, and he saw rising up a little cloud, like a man's hand, and he said, 'My children, let us go, for there is a storm coming.' So they went, and the storm came and scattered their houses into ruins, as you see them now."

Near the top of the peak nothing grows except a kind of cushion grass and the dwarf manzanilla, which is much prized by the cullers of simples. The Sierra, however, is rich in botanical treasures. Two years ago, a German established himself in a cave on the mountain side, for the purpose of collecting plants. He had hired an attendant from Granada, but the man soon ran away, thinking his master *uncanny*. Nevertheless, the indefatigable botanist lived on alone for some months in his cave, too bold to care for wolves, too poor to fear robbers, and too much of a philosopher to be scared at goblins. Several persons at Granada mentioned the fact, but no one could remember his name.

José, my myth-loving guide, assured me that Moorish doctors frequently came over from Africa to gather certain "med'cinable" herbs, found only here. The story is in some degree accredited by the fact, that Granada, before the conquest, used to be a favorite place of resort for invalids from the neighboring continent, inasmuch that a part of the city especially frequented was called the Hospital of Africa. So the Sierra may enjoy a traditional reputation among the Moors, for we have all heard with what fond regret they remember the fair kingdom which has been ravished from them.

After walking some time by the edge of the precipice we descended to the appointed hollow, and found our horses enjoying themselves mightily on the short green grass—a rare luxury.

We lost no time in following their example, with appetites sharper than the mountain peaks and keener than the morning air. A large flat stone served for table, and a little pure stream, close by, still fringed with ice of last night's freezing, served to cool our wine. After the feast we all slept for three hours in the warm sunshine, which, at an elevation of ten thousand feet, does not bake the baskers.

At Seville we are not a little surprised to find Mr. Clark comparing the Moorish Giralda with Giotto's tower at Florence, and exalting the great

Tuscan at the expense of the Moslem architect. Neither in form nor material will the two structures bear comparison, the one being of brick, the other a Mosaic of rich marbles; the one ending in a spire, which was not added, but only raised and decorated by Christian hands, and the other being a square, flat-topped, Italian belfry. Each, we think, is "graceful and airy," and guiltless of the "cumbrous." Each is full of a beauty peculiar to itself, and appropriate to the site. Nobly, indeed, rises Giotto's silvery campanile beside the younger dome of Brunelleschi; and justly is it the joy of the Florentine and the wonder of the stranger. But no less just is the pride of the Sevillian in his Giralda, with its Moorish walls and Christian crown, venerable with the memories of seven centuries, yet rosy as with immortal youth, and keeping watch and ward over that mighty minster, which, with all its incongruities of age and style, is perhaps the most interesting religious temple in the world.

We may note, also, that Mr. Clark has fallen into an error in ascribing the fine crucifix, a painted carving of life size, in the museum at Seville, to Alonso Cano. It was the work of his master, Juan Martinez Montañez; and was executed for the Carthusians of Seville in 1614, when Cano was still learning to use the chisel and the plane in his father's work-shop at Granada. But the museum, having been open only ten or twelve years, is still without a catalogue; and those names of artists which are not given in the handbook, must be picked up at haphazard and by hearsay.

But with Mr. Ford in his portmanteau, and the cool cathedral library open to his researches, Mr. Clark really ought not to have trusted to M. Alexander Dumas for the history of the Hospital de la Caridad. The tale (p. 227) of the pious restorer, Don Miguel Mañara, the friend of Murillo, and his conversion by meeting the apparition of his own funeral in the streets at midnight, was evidently unknown to Father Cardenas, the good man's biographer, or he would certainly have narrated it with great unction and minuteness. It was first brought to light by that indefatigable antiquary, the author of *Monte Christo*, who has preserved it in his tour in Spain, changing, like a true Frenchman, the name of the hero, from Miguel de Mañara to Don Juan de Marana. He has likewise favored us with another pleasant fiction about him, which sounds like an incident from a romance by Soulie. Smoking and musing, one evening, by the Guadalquivir, Mañara happened to let his cigar go out. On the opposite bank the light of another cigar twinkled through the twilight; the philanthropist, therefore, who was a privileged person at Seville, called to the man behind it to cross the river and bring him fire. The stranger bowed; and, without stirring from the spot where he stood, stretched his arm, which prolonged itself like a telescope, over the broad stream, and brought his Havana close to the nose of Don Miguel. Nothing daunted, though conscious of a strong smell of

sulphur, the good man took the proffered light, made his bow of acknowledgment, resumed his walk, humming "*Los toros del Puerto*;" and Beelzebub, for he it was, descended into Hades much out of humor at having lost a wager, made with Pluto, that he would terrify the elder brother of the Caridad at Seville. Both stories are good of their kind; but being mere Parisian fictions, and not Sevillian traditions, neither the one which he has taken, nor the one which he has left, were worthy of a place in Mr. Clark's journal. Let him be contented with rivalling "the great Alexander of modern romance" in the buoyant gayety and graphic force of his travelling sketches, without acquiring his pernicious habit of seasoning facts with fiction.

On the whole, we are grateful to Mr. Clark for the pleasure his volume has afforded us, and we heartily recommend him to our readers as one of the most agreeable authors-errant who have won their spurs in the Peninsula. His impressions are given with great freedom and spirit, yet without any tinge of assumption. In his preface, and *passim*, he honestly avows his obligations to Mr. Ford, the most faithful and learned of guides, and yet, unlike his namesakes in Spain, "the land of waterless rivers," never dry. In spirit, if not in the letter, he agrees with his Latin-lacking friend's remark, that "Mr. Ford is indeed the traveller's *vadium mecum*."

In this and other points *Gazpacho* is a singular contrast to the *Pillars of Hercules*,* the work in which Urquhart has vented his newest paradoxes, and laid down his last laws for the regulation of opinion on Spain and all other things. There Mr. Ford is at once pillaged and pooh-poohed; he is accused of misquotation in pages teeming with Spanish phrases, of which the very spelling is generally wrong; and his brief and pregnant notes on art are contemptuously set aside by a critic who gravely concludes a most tedious panegyric on Murillo by praising that painter for having a face like Lord Metcalfe. Writing in this spirit of unjust depreciation, Mr. Urquhart also discusses every topic in that oracular tone which seems to have succeeded in Barbary, where he says he "entered on the privileges of a saint or madman," but which even erudition and accuracy hardly excuse in England. His equipment for literary adventure in Spanish fields is precisely that of the esquire's wife in the Spanish proverb; *la muger del escudero, grande bolsa y poco dinero*; a large purse with little in it. Mr. Clark, on the contrary, neither boasts of his riches, nor lacks sterling coin. His mistakes are few, pardonable, and harmless; we receive his statements without distrust, and our confidence is rarely found to be misplaced. With Mr. Urquhart, we feel that we are travelling with a companion who repudiates equality—that he is half-pedagogue, half-pirate—that we are something between pupils and pri-

* "The Pillars of Hercules; or a Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco in 1843." By D. Urquhart, Esq., M. P. Bentley.

oners ; and that in case of difference of opinion, or any want of respect on our part, he will draw upon us, at the least, a birch-rod, and possibly the famous knife with which he sprang and cut with such wild-cat like agility at Seville. (*Pill. of Her. ii. 385.*) But with the Fellow of Trinity we can stroll pleasantly and securely through the cathedral or the gallery, or lounge in the balcony or the alameda, cheered by his good-humor, his animation of style, and his ready wit ; and not displeased, though a little startled, by an occasional pun which would do honor to the combination room of St. John's.

From the Home Journal.

THE RUINED MIND.

Oh ! what a sad and solemn sight,
To see the human mind decay !
To watch its waning, flickering light
Grow fainter, feebler, day by day.

To see the bright, the glorious spark
Heaven gave to light, to guide the brain,
Grow glimm'ring, rayless, dim, and dark,
Never to be revived again.

To note the powers of thought decline,
Its stores no genial fruits supply ;
The memory but a wasted mine,
Where past events in chaos lie.

To see poor Reason on her throne,
Tottering, yet struggling to maintain
Her seat ; reluctant still to own,
E'en to herself, the struggle vain.

To trace, in outward signs portrayed,
Of moral death the onward way,
As, day by day, a deepening shade
Marks some proud attribute's decay ;

Till all proclaims the sad reverse
Of Heaven's design, of Nature's plan,
An emblem of the heaviest curse
His angry God can lay on man.

The Form, where once he stood confessed,
With powers to rule, with grace to please,
Now nerveless, graceless, racked, depressed,
And trembling at the slightest breeze. ;

Or basking in the noon-tide heats,
Courting the rays that man would shun,
As reptiles leave their foul retreats,
To stretch them in the summer's sun.

That Form bespeaks no being free
To act, to choose, to think, to plan ;
A fallen image there we see,
Of what was once the God-like man.

The gesture given, where voice alone
Would fail expression to impart,
To vivid thought, to feeling's tone,
To rouse the mind, to thrill the heart—

That gesture, like the loosened sail,
Streaming o'er some fast foundering deck,
All wildly waving to the gale,
Now tells the tale of Reason's wreck.

The features ; O ! how sad to know
The strange perversion lab'ring there !
Their smiles become the signs of woe,
Their laugh the signal of despair.

No more their province to proclaim
The mind's bright thought, the heart's excess.
To kindle up with fancy's flame,
Or passion's varied throes express.

By grief in changeless torpor bound,
Or warped by some distempered spell,
No index in their play is found,
The inward, brooding thought to tell.

The voice, by bounteous Heaven designed
The vehicle of thought to be,
To body forth the stores of mind,
And set her hoarded treasures free—

From hives of wit, and wisdom's lore,
Their fruits from man to man to bear,
And pass, from heart to heart, the store
By love and friendship garnered there—

That voice is now an idle sound—
A gurgling brook—a harp unstrung—
Where naught but babbling noise is found,
Whence no accordant notes are wrung.

No—all untuned ; all wildly free,
And swayed by impulse now, alone ;
Its piteous task henceforth must be,
To chant the dirge of Reason gone.

The eye ; the glorious orb of mind,
With all her rich conceptions there,
All sparkling bright, ere voice can find
Appropriate forms for them to bear ;

The soul's bright medium to display
The treasures of her inmost cell,
And forth to kindred souls convey
What words were ne'er designed to tell.

That eye ; that eye ; O ! still 't is bright—
All glossy, lustrous, shining clear—
But, ah ! a false, a lurid light ;
For mind and soul are wanting there.

That eye, to outward forms confined,
No inner ray will e'er relume ;
A lamp sepulchral, now designed
To show poor Reason in her tomb.

TOLERATION OF THE REFORMED CHURCHES.—
We find that all Christian churches kept this rule ; they kept themselves and others close to the Rule of Faith, and peaceably suffered one another to differ in ceremonies, but suffered no difference amongst their own. They gave liberty to other churches ; and gave laws and no liberty to their own subjects. And at this day the Churches of Geneva, France, Switzerland, Germany, Low Countries, tie all their people to their own laws, but tie up no man's conscience ; if he be not persuaded as they are, let him charitably dissent, and leave that government and adhere to his own communion. If you be not of their mind, they will be served by them that are ; they will not trouble your conscience, and you shall not disturb their government.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

[This may apply to secular government.]

From Fraser's Magazine.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

PART VI.

PARTHENOPE, Ligeia, Leucosia—these are pretty names as ever were bestowed on the offspring of a river god and a muse; nor are Molpe, Aglaophonos, and Thelxiope*—which some will have it were the true designations of the daughters of Achelous and Melpomene—unmusical. Blest with powers of voice and fascination equal to Sontag—for, however the *habitués* of her majesty's theatre may reasonably doubt it, they too were irresistible—the sirens, unlike that fair, spotless enchantress, poured forth their gush of song to the ruin of their entranced audience, though they certainly never executed Rode's variations; it may, indeed, be doubted whether any sublunary being, with the exception of the gifted countess, ever could—at least with her supreme excellence. And so these accursed of Ceres continued in their course of musical murder, surrounded by the corpses of their victims, whose remains were wreathed with flowers, radiant with beauty, as our own Etty has depicted them, till their career was closed by the wily Greek, who had received his lesson from another mistress of enchantment; and so they perished.

But, it seems, their crimes were not sufficiently expiated. Years rolled on their ceaseless course. Greece was swallowed up by Rome, who in her turn fell at the feet of the Goth; and in the fulness of time there arose a wizard from the great northern hive, he of the polar star, who waved his wand, aroused the sirens from the annihilation into which they had escaped, and degraded them into one of the lowest reptile forms of America.

The Arabs have a saying that monkeys are enchanted men, and the most elegant of modern poets has been heard to declare that they reminded him of poor relations; but what is the lot of humanity so transformed, compared to the degradation of sirens into Perennibranchiate Batrachians!

What on earth are Perennibranchiate Batrachians?

A Batrachian, in the language of the learned, means a reptile of the great frog family, and a Perennibranchiate—there is certainly some sesquipedality in the word, as there too often is in those coined by the scientific; with all due submission to their worship be it written—a Perennibranchiate Batrachian is one that does not go through metamorphosis, like a common frog for instance, (which first bursts upon the aquatic world as a tadpole, then acquires limbs, and then drops his tail and gills, as becomes a citizen of

the terrestrial as well as the watery world thenceforth blessed with lungs,) but remains a gill-breathing, muddy, fishlike groveller, all the days of its life.

In my zoological obituary for last March, I find the death of *Siren lacertina* recorded towards the end of the month. The melancholy event took place in the garden of the Society in the Regent's Park, where the siren had lived for many years in the parrot-house, domiciled in a vessel of pond water, with a bottom of deep mud. It was during its life as vivacious as anything existing in inky-looking mud could be, and throve well on worms—with some dozen and a half of which it was daily supplied—and small fish. It was very eel-like in its motions, though blessed with two small anterior extremities; but as you may wish to know something about the animal, curious reader, here is a description of it, which those who are not inquisitive may skip if they please.

The generic character of the sirens consists in an elongated form, nearly similar to that of the eels. There are three external branchial or gill tufts on each side. No posterior feet, but two anterior small ones. Not a vestige of a pelvis. The head depressed; the gape of the mouth moderate; the muzzle obtuse; the eye very little; the ear concealed; the lower jaw sheathed with a horny substance, and armed with several rows of small teeth; the upper jaw toothless; on the palate numerous small retroverted denticles.

Such is the reptile of which Dr. Garden, in the years 1765, 1766, sent a description to Ellis and Linnæus, when the immortal Swede established an additional order for the siren in his class *Amphibia*—the order *Meantes*. Such is an outline of the creature which Cuvier pronounced to be one of the most remarkable of the class of reptiles, nay, of the whole animal kingdom; a bold declaration, but borne out by the anomalies of its structure, its relationship to different families, and its approximation even to different classes.

Thus, Pallas, Hermann, Schneider, and Lacépède, classed it as the larva of a great unknown salamander. Camper placed it among the fishes. He was followed by Gmelin, who made an eel of it, conferring on it the name of *Murana siren*; and 't is almost a pity that the last-named worthy doctor was dead wrong in making it a *Murana*; it would have been so everlasting classical for that enlightened republican, brother Jonathan, who loves to copy the Romans, to have thrown his slaves to the *Murana*. But he may still be imitative, and throw them to the sirens. Only, instead of going to the rocks and deep blue sea where the sirens of old haunted—as you, young gentleman, have read in your Virgil*—he must condemn them to be laid in the marshes where the luxuriant crops of rice wave. There, and in swamps, under the entangled roots of time-worn trees, the American siren lurks, and thence ob-

* Or, according to others, Thelxione. The maternity is given by some genealogists to Calliope, by others to Terpsichore; but the better opinion is, that Melpomene was the mamma of these deluders. Like other irregular branches of families they became troublesome to theirs; a meddling friend, Hera, excited them to contend with the Muses, who conquered them, and, as a punishment for their presumption, tore off their wings.

* *Æneid*, v. 684. These rocks are understood to have been the island of Capræ, the retreat of the tiger-like Tiberius, who, it is said, could see like a cat in the dark.

tained the somewhat unclassical name of "The Mud Iguana." And if you wish to be acquainted with the proportions of the Transatlantic form, know that *Siren lacertina*, one of the sisters, (whose death we have above recorded,) grows to the length of three feet, a dark anguillary beauty, of some intensity of color, with two little hands, (or fore feet, if you must be critical,) of four fingers each, and instead of lower extremities, a compressed tail, with an obtuse fin. When I last saw the defunct, the creature was as large as a child's wrist, and flounced about most vigorously upon being lifted out of its inky bed. Death came upon it at the end of March. Two days before the fatal event it had devoured two small fishes. The weather was unseasonably cold, and frost and snow prevailed.

But the siren has, of course, some vocal power?

As if to make the mockery complete, this siren was said to have the voice of a duck; but even this has been denied. The captive siren of the Regent's Park was never heard to utter any sound.

This is no place for anatomical or physiological detail, or much might be said relative to this most curious form. Those who feel interested, will be rewarded for referring to John Hunter, Cuvier, and Owen. The last-named distinguished comparative anatomist has recorded some most valuable observations on the blood-discs of this batrachian, and their comparison with those of man.* The siren's blood-discs were obtained by the professor from one of the external gills of the deceased specimen when it was in good health, in the month of October, 1841.

But, without loading these pages with scientific disquisition, it is impossible that any one should even glance at the history and conformation of the sirens without being struck with the anomalies which they present. Pallas and the other distinguished zoologists above-mentioned, may well be pardoned for considering the form that of one of the *Salamandridæ* in its progress to perfection. The first sight of it suggests the presence of a salamander in a metamorphic stage, and it is only upon close examination that the observer is satisfied that the animal has reached its completion. It is as if Nature had been determined to show, that if she wished to indulge in the freak, she could arrest the animal's development, and, under the guise of a salamandrian larva, present a creature perfect according to its kind, and forming a finished link in the great chain of beings, as perfect, after its kind, as *Sieboldia maxima*, in which enormous newt, the slits of the gill-aperture—which always remains open in *Menopoma*, an American salamandrian—are closed.

Dr. Von Siebold found this creature—which comes nearest of living beings to Scheuchzer's *Homo diluvii testis*, now termed *Andrias Scheuchzeri*, and which has been proved to be a great fos-

sil salamandrian—in a lake on a mountain of basalt, in Japan; just such a locality as we find assigned in the *Arabian Nights* to enchanted aquatics. The doctor brought with him a male and a female; but the former was so fond of his wife that he ate her up on the passage home, and arrived, consequently, in the best health and spirits at Leyden, measuring about three feet in length.

About the time of the siren's death there were hopes that a young dromedary would make its appearance; and, indeed, one had been born in the Regent's Park previously. But in this last case the young creature was stillborn, though its mother had bred it well. The period of gestation is stated to be between eleven and twelve months.

Viewed with the eye of even a comparatively careless observer, the camel presents one of the most complete instances of design with relation to human wants. There is not a part of its structure, from the bony framework of the skeleton to the external hair of its coat, that could be omitted without injury to the wonderful work, or improved. Those very parts which seem deformities, are absolutely necessary to its well-being and destination, and the hump and callosities become beauties when examined with reference to the exigencies of the animal, and its condition as the slave of man.

And here arises the question whether this hump and these callosities are natural formations, or due to the pressure of the loads with which the animal has for ages been burdened, and to the weight of its body. The callosities are seven in number, and upon these the pressure of the body is thrown when the creature kneels down and rises up. They have been observed upon a newly-born camel; but no child is born with corns on the toes and feet, whatever fashion and tight shoes may have done for its parent—at least I never heard of a baby who came into the world with those excruciating afflictions. Not that it may not be admitted, that in a long course of years these marks of servitude, as they have been termed, may have been more largely developed. Dr. Walter Adam, in his paper on the osteology of the Bactrian camel, remarks, that the dorsal vertebræ of the animal on which he made his observations had been modified by the pressure of its loads. We know that by careful breeding, the horns of the ox and the sheep may be made to assume almost every grade of excess and defect, till they vanish altogether, and a hornless race is obtained. Those who delight in oddities, know how to secure a breed of rumpless fowls and tailless cats. The dapper, clean-legged bantams, for which Sir John Sebright was famous, were remarkable for the absence of the sickle-shaped, drooping feathers, from the tails of the cocks, whence they were called by some bird-fanciers "Hen-cocks." This absence had been the result of the greatest care and attention to the breed. In all these cases, the change or modification is limited to externals. The internal organization of the animals remains absolutely the same.

* See *Penny Cyclopædia*, article "Siren (Zoology)," vol. xxii., p. 66; where these observations and a history of the animal will be found.

Now, whether we look at the grotesque figure of the camel, or investigate its internal structure, we find the most unmistakable evidence of adaptation to that state of life to which it has pleased the great Author of its being to call it. Born for the desert, the callosities prevent the skin from cracking at those points where the weight of the animal rests upon the arid, burning sands. The strong, nipper-like upper incisor teeth are fit instruments for cutting through the tough plants and shrubs that spring here and there on those boundless wastes. The nostrils are so organized that the animal can effectually close them, and defy the stormy, destructive sand-drifts that sweep harmlessly by him. "The desert ship" seems to float rather than step on the elastic, pad-like cushions of its spreading feet, moving as noiselessly as Mr. Mark's vulcanized Indian-rubber wheel-tires convey a carriage over a granite pavement.

What always struck me as something extremely romantic and mysterious (writes Mr. Macfarlane) was the noiseless step of the camel, from the spongy nature of his feet. Whatever be the nature of the ground—sand, or rock, or turf, or paved stones—you hear no foot-fall; you see an immense animal approaching you stilly as a cloud floating on air, and unless he wear a bell your sense of hearing, acute as it may be, will give you no intimation of his presence.

Riley, too, notices the silent passage of a train of camels up a rocky steep, and accounts for the silence because their feet are as soft as sponge or leather. The structure of his stomach enables the camel to digest the coarsest vegetable tissues, and he even prefers such plants as a horse would not touch, to the finest pasture. He is satisfied with very little, and if he should be stinted even of this hard fare, the fat hump contains a store of nourishment to be taken up into the system, and sustain it till he reaches some oasis of tough prickly bushes, which he discusses with the greatest relish; and, if the best of liquids be there, fills the water-tanks with which his interior is fitted up, and goes on his way rejoicing.

One word more—without trespassing upon the province of the anatomist or the patience of the general reader—as to the modification which even the hardest parts of the animal frame will undergo to answer the exigencies of the demand. Dr. Adam found that the burdens of the baggage-camel from Bengal, which he examined, and which—poor, indefatigable workman—had done its duty more scrupulously than many of the biped laborers in the vineyard of this world, had much altered the form of the dorsal vertebræ. He observed that the natural breadth of the bodies of those vertebræ seemed to be not greater than the wideness of the nostrils; but, owing to the great weights borne by the patient animal whose remains came under the doctor's observation, the enlargement was such that those bones presented an instance of exostosis rather than of normal proportion—though still that enlargement had

been controlled by the laws of symmetry. The greatest breadth was attained at the connection of the fifth and the sixth dorsal vertebræ; there the pressure of the burdens had evidently been most severe; and the summit of the hump was at the sixth. Thus was the back strengthened for the burden.

Dr. Adam suggests that it is not improbable that the symmetry of the swift dromedaries will be found to be much more complete than that of the baggage-camel. The load for the latter is variously stated; some make it six, some seven, and others above eight hundred pounds; nay, Sandys says that he will carry a thousand. The swiftness of the dromedary,* *el heirie*, or, as most travellers call it, *maherry*, may be compared with that of the high-mettled racer, with more endurance. "When thou shalt meet a heirie, and say to the rider Salem Aleik, ere he shall have answered thee Aleik Salem, he will be afar off, and nearly out of sight, for his fleetness is like the wind." A *sabayee*, said to be the swiftest of this breed, is good for six hundred thirty miles (thirty-five days of caravan-travelling) in five days. Seven or eight miles an hour, for nine or ten hours a day, is stated to be a common performance; and the lamented Captain Lyon, whose accuracy was strict, relates that a Northern African Arabian maherry's long trot, at the rate of nine miles an hour, will endure for many hours together.

Cupid has been pictured bestriding the lion and the dolphin, and Darwin has made him inspire plants with love; but when he takes the shape of an Arabian lover, and mounts his dromedary, nothing seems impossible—space and time are annihilated. It is on record that a young man was passionately fond of a young girl—lovely, of course—and who on her part had a devouring passion for oranges. None were to be had for love or money at Mogadore, and no fruit worthy of the damsel could be procured nearer than Marocco. The lover mounted his heirie at dawn, sped him away to Marocco, a hundred miles from Mogadore, bagged the desired oranges, and returned home that very night; but too late to pass, for the gates were shut. The beauty, however, was not disappointed, for the gallant Arab made a friend of one of the guards of the batteries, who conveyed the golden fruit to the charming expectant. And here the story ends, and it is well that it does so. The natural hope of plodding Europeans is, that they were married, and lived long and happily: but then comes the painful truth. Beauty, which in our northern climes endures long in rich ripeness, is in Arabia as fleeting as one of its own flowers. Nothing, we are told, can exceed the prettiness of an Arab girl, but the hideous—yes that is the gallant traveller's word—the hideous ugliness of the old women.

"Train up a child in the way he should go,"

* *Καμηλος δρομας*—*Camelos dromas*, running or swift camel.

and, acting upon this principle, the camel-drivers in some parts of Africa—Senegal for instance—were wont, soon after the birth of a young camel, to tie its feet under its belly, throw a large cloth over its back, and place heavy stones upon each of the corners of the cloth that rested on the ground. Thus did the Moors accustom the animal to receive the loads which it was destined to carry through a life of labor, generally prolonged to twenty years. Females, indeed, and such fortunate males as are exempt from work, are said to live for twenty-five or even thirty years.

The European mode of training is not commenced till the camel has attained the age of four years, when the trainers first double up one of his fore legs, which they bind fast with a cord; this they pull, and thus compel the trainee to come down upon his bent knee. But all pupils are not equally docile; and if this method should fail, as it sometimes does, both legs are tied up, and the camel falls upon both knees, and on the callosity which protects the breast. This operation is often accompanied by a cry and a slight application of the whip from the trainer; and, by degrees, the animal learns at last to lie down upon his belly, with its legs doubled under it, at the well-remembered cry and blow, accompanied by a jerk of its halter. Having attained so much obedience, the trainer proceeds to place a pack-saddle on the creature's back. When it is accustomed to this appendage a light load is put on, and gradually increased till it reaches the maximum, which is generally understood to be fourteen killogrammes, or above eight hundred pounds, for a full-grown camel.

Such is the mode practised at Pisa; and though the Moors brought the animal into Spain, that appears to be the only locality in Europe where the camel is now bred. The arid plains and stunted vegetation at San Rossora seem to have pointed it out as the proper place for this experiment; but though success attends it, the breed seems to dwindle. The foal is obliged to be held up by attendants to take the maternal nourishment, which in a state of nature the new-born creature must be in a condition to obtain without assistance, or continuation of the species must cease. And here it may be observed, that we have no authentic account of the camel in a genuine wild state. The earliest records, from the sacred Scripture downwards, present it in a domesticated state. When Joseph was cast by his brethren into the pit, and the criminal fraternity sat down to eat bread, they lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt. And yet in Egypt itself no trace appears to have been observed on the multitudinous ancient monuments of the form. It is, indeed, to be seen on the frieze of the building at Ghirza, where it is introduced four several times; and in one instance a female dromedary is suckling her young one. When Gideon arose and slew Zebah

and Zalmunna, he took away the ornaments that were on their camels' necks. Jacob divided the people that was with him, and the flocks and the herds, and the camels, into two bands; and thirty milch camels and their colts formed part of the present which he sent to propitiate his ill-used brother Esau. The camel appears in the forbidden list set forth in Leviticus, because he cheweth the cud but divideth not the hoof. The Chaldeans made out three bands and fell upon Job's camels, of which he had three thousand, and carried them away; and when the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning, the comforted patriarch possessed six thousand. When Xerxes invaded Greece camels figured as part of his enormous host. The Arabians were stationed in the rear, that the horses might not be frightened, because they cannot endure camels—of which more anon; and when the Great King was marching through the Pæonian and Crestonian territories towards the river Echidorus, lions came down in the night and attacked the camels, seizing them only, and leaving man and every other beast unharmed. Herodotus expresses his wonder that the lions should abstain from all the rest and set upon the camels—beasts which they had never before seen or tried,* as was probably the case with those lions. Before the camel was known in Africa, beyond the Nile, the country abounded with lions, and was a kind of preserve whence the proconsuls drew their supplies for the Roman amphitheatre; but about the middle of the third century, when the Arabs entered Africa, the numbers of these ravenous beasts of prey were greatly diminished; so much so, indeed, that hunting them was forbidden, except in the case of privileged persons—a prohibition which originated in the apprehension that there would be few or none left for the circus. Honorius put an end to this prohibition, and then the destruction of the lions followed; cultivation increased; camels were introduced, facilitating communication from one point to another without risk of leonine attack; and civilization advanced.

It has been already observed that no authentic record appears of the existence of camels in a wild state.† And though M. Desmoulins is of opinion that they were to be found in that state in Arabia at the beginning of the second century, and though the natives of Central Africa declare that wild camels wander free in the mountains where European feet have never trod, such assertions are by no means conclusive: for granting them to be true, such camels may have been descended from domesticated parents, which had, like the American horses, escaped from their owners. In one expedition, directed by the great Assyrian queen, whom Ninus coveted from the despairing Menones, and obtained to his own des-

* Polymnia, 125.

† With reference to this question it may be worthy of note, that the fossil remains of a camel are said to have been detected by Col. Cautley in the sub-Himalayan range.

truction, three hundred myriads of foot, a hundred myriads of horse, ten myriads of scythe-armed chariots, as many of fighting men mounted on camels, and seventy myriads more of those beasts destined for various services, were among the hosts collected at her command. Camels also carried the artificial elephants, which, to the number of two millions, Semiramis employed in her Mesopotamian expedition against the Indians, in which she was wounded. But if the mother of Vathek had her Alboufaki, the most hideous, malignant, and swift of dromedaries, the daughter of Derceto was mistress of one which, though it may not have rivalled that of Carathis in ugliness and unearthly propensities, saved her by its fleetness. Poor Zenobia was not so fortunate, for the swiftness of her dromedaries could not prevent her from falling into the hands of Aurelianus.

In ancient war, besides their use as beasts of burthen, the swifter races, the maherries of that day, drew the rapid scythed chariots, mowing down masses of men in their course; or carried bowmen, armed also with long swords, to enable them to reach the cavalry and infantry in personal encounters.

As for camels, they are nourished in the Levant or East parts (quoth Philemon Holland, in his translation of Pliny) among other herds of great cattell: two kinds there be of them, the Bactrians and the Arabick: differing herein, that the Bactrians have two bunches upon their backs; the other but one apiece there, but they have another in their breast, whereupon they rest and ly. Both sorts want the upper row of teeth in their mouthes, like as bulls and kine. In those parts from whence they come they serve all to carry packs, like laboring horses, and are put to service also in the wars, and are backed of horsemen: their swiftness is comparable to that of horses; they grow to a just measure, and exceed not a certain ordinary strength. The camell, in his travelling, will not goe a iot farther than his ordinary journey; nether will he carry more than his accustomed and usuall load. Naturally they doe hate horses. They can abide to be four daies together without drinke; and when they drinke or meet with water they fill their skin full enough to serve both for time past, and to come; but before they drinke, they must trample with their feet to raise mud and sand, and so trouble the water, otherwise they take no pleasure in drinking. They live commonly fifty yeares, and some of them a hundred. These creatures also otherwhile fall to be mad, so much as it is. Moreover, they have a device to splay even the very females, to make them fit for the warres; for if they be not covered, they become the stronger and more courageous.

There is one manifest error in this account, showing that Pliny never could have looked into a camel's mouth, which has two pointed incisive teeth implanted in the upper jaw, forming with the six lower incisors a formidable pair of nippers, admirably adapted for cutting through the tough plants which form the principal food of the animal. The age, too, is nearly double that assigned to the

camel by the moderns. The antipathy of the horse, which is frequently alluded to by the ancients, still exists in full force, and appears to be mutual, where use has not reconciled it to the camel,—

Urque aquilam cygnus, congrum muræna camelus
Odit equum.

Cyrus availed himself of this antipathy on the suggestion of Harpagus the Mede to the utter discomfiture of Cræsus. He gathered together the multitude of camels that followed his army with provisions and baggage, caused their burthens to be taken off, and armed men to mount them, and then ordered them to go in advance of the army against the Lydian horse. His infantry he placed immediately behind the camels, and his cavalry in the rear of the infantry. Then he gave the cruel word for no quarter, except to Cræsus, who was on no account to be killed, whatever resistance he might make. He thus disposed his troops, adds Herodotus,* for this reason—a horse is afraid of a camel, and cannot endure its sight or smell; and he had recourse to this stratagem that the cavalry, by which the Lydian expected to win, might be useless to Cræsus. And so it fell out; for when they joined battle, the horses no sooner smelt and saw the camels than they turned tail and destroyed the hopes of Cræsus.

Even, now, at Pisa, it is found necessary to reconcile the horses to the sight of the camels in order to prevent accidents; and where the precautions of such training have not been adopted, the sudden and dangerous terror with which a horse is seized on coming unexpectedly upon one of them is excessive.

The madness alluded to by Pliny probably refers to the violence of the male at certain seasons, when a portion of the *velum palati* is protruded with a strange and loud noise. Cupid makes many of his votaries play as strange love-pranks as ever the crazy Don performed; but when he bestrides a camel, he makes the impassioned brute absolutely rabid.

Advantage is taken of this state of excitement by the turbaned Turk; and two rivals are pitted, who at once rush at each other, and a regular combat follows. Before they are let go they are muzzled after a fashion, so that no deadly injury can ensue. Then they turn to like Cornish wrestlers, standing on their own hind legs, embracing each other with their anterior extremities, twisting their necks together and each striving to overthrow his adversary. Fired at the sight, the Turk loses his staid and apathetic demeanor. He claps his hands, and shouts out the name of the favorite which he has backed with an energy worthy of Hockley Hole and Marylebone in the old time, before modern statutes had prohibited the brutalizing dog-fights, bull and badger baits, which, in other days, formed the amusement of the high and low vulgar. A vestige of the old English spirit still lingers, and snatches of ancient songs

* Clio, 79.

commemorative of the departed rugging and riving era may yet be heard in *trivitis*.*

Mr. Macfarlane saw one of these got-up camel-fights at a Turkish wedding in a village near Smyrna, and again at a festival at Magnesia. But he once, in the neighborhood of Smyrna, saw a fight of a more serious character. Two huge camels broke away from the string, and set to in spite of their drivers. They bit each other like furies, and the *devidjis*,† to whom in general these animals are most obedient and even affectionate, had the greatest difficulty in separating the enraged rivals.

On the Roman arena the camel was seen comparatively late, either as a mere spectacle or in a ruck with other beasts, and there is some foundation for the belief that camels appeared in the circus drawing chariots four-in-hand; not as we drive, but all four in the same line, yoked together abreast.

Ptolemy evinced his respect for the human race by showing together two novelties in the Egyptian theatre, namely, a black camel and a parti-colored man, the latter being half white and half black.

Without stopping to inquire about the dimensions of the table of that mighty monarch, who, according to some retailers of wonders, had a whole camel served to his robust guests, or whether the said thaumaturgists had not misread a passage which set forth how the entertainer, in his royal magnificence, had sent away the guests, after a feast worthy of Lucullus himself, enriched with golden crowns, massive silver vases, slaves, and a camel each, we may be content with knowing that the milk and flesh of the animal are said to be as welcome to the Arab as those of the reindeer to the Laplander; and as there is too frequently but one step between the pleasures of the table and the prescription of the physician, let us see what the ancient pharmacopœia owed to the camel:—

His braine (by report) is excellent good against the epilepsie or falling sickness, if it be dried and drunk with vinegar: so doth the gall likewise taken in drinke with hony: which also is a good medicine for the squinancy.‡

In cases of obstinate alvine obstruction a dried camel's tail was held to be infallible. The droppings "reduced into ashes and incorporate with oile, doth curle and frizzle the haire of the head." This may have been among Antony's cosmetics:—"The said ashes made into a liniment and so applied, yea, and taken in drink, as much as a man may comprehend with three fingers, careth

* For instance, an itinerant melodist was regaling the ears of his audience the other evening with a racy composition, which included the following stave:—

As for sentiment, and that 'ere stuff,
It 's a thing I can't abide;
Give me a jolly butcher with his apron on,
And his bull-bitch by his side.

The song was altogether suggestive of the owner of a pair of boots which Edwin Landseer has immortalized in his incomparable "Low Life."

† Camel-drivers.

‡ Holland's *Pliny*.

the falling sickness;" and, no doubt, "Great Julius" took it. "The haire of their tails twisted into a wreath or cord, and so worn about the left arme in the manner of a bracelet, cureth the quartan ague;" and if Caius Ligarius had worn such an antidote, he might not have suffered so much from

That same ague which had made him lean.

The antipathy between the horse and the camel no longer exists in the East, where their association has so long and so continually been effected. For many centuries the camel has been the great transporting power, where no other vehicle could have answered the purpose. Old chronicles record that the three Magian kings came mounted on swift dromedaries to the adoration of "the heav'n-born child;" and the slower race have long formed the great medium of commercial intercourse. As a shepherd knows his sheep, so do the *devidjis* or camel-drivers distinguish their camels, and they talk of their points as a jockey speaks of those of a favorite horse; nay, a Bedouin knows the print of his own camel's foot, and will thus track it when it has wandered. Nothing can be more orderly than the progress of the caravans. The camel moves like clockwork; and the caravans or strings of camels are, Mr. Macfarlane tells us, always headed by a little ass, on which the driver sometimes rides, and which has a tinkling bell round its neck. Each camel, he adds, is commonly furnished with a large, rude, but soft and pastoral-sounding bell, suspended to the front of the pack or saddle. If these bells be removed by accident or design, the camels, like the mules of Spain and Italy, will come to a dead stop; and Mr. Macfarlane adds, that like the mules also, the camels always go best in a long line, one after the other. He tried the experiment of the bell at Pergamos. Two stately camels, the foremost furnished with the bell, were trudging along the road with measured steps. The bell was detached with a long stick. The camels halted, nor could they be urged forward till their ears were regaled with the well-known music. Mr. Macfarlane observes, that he uses the word "measured," not as a matter of poetry, but of fact; and he states that their step is so measured and like clockwork, that on a plain you know almost to a yard the distance they will go in a given time. In the flat valleys of the Hermus and Caius he made calculations with a watch in his hand, and found, hour after hour, an unvarying result, the end of their journey being performed just at the same pace, three miles an hour, as the beginning. The camel is, indeed, the creature of order and regularity. Each has his place in the line; and if this be interfered with, the beasts become disorderly and will not march. "Each gets attached to a particular camel of the caravan, prefers seeing his tail before him to that of any other, and will not go if you displace his friend."

But the Egyptians do not move in single file;

they, on the contrary, march with a wide-extended front. Caravans from Bagdad to Aleppo and Damascus have been said to consist of camels marching abreast of each other, and sometimes extending over a space of more than a mile.

Old authors notice the training of camels to move in measured time by placing the animal on gradually heated plates, and at the same time sounding a musical instrument. The carriage of the head, so frequent a theme of eulogy with the Arabian poets, is due to the atlas, which, besides its articulation with the occipital condyles, affords support to the lower jaw. The Arabs, who have among them most imaginative and finished *improvisatori*, compare the elegant movements of a beautiful bride to those of a young camel. The *Thousand and One Nights*, like most clever fables, have some foundation in fact, as is well known to the friends of the Arabian man of rank, who keeps his professed story-teller as an indispensable part of his establishment. African travellers relate that these friends will assemble before his tent, or on the platform with which the house of a Moorish Arab is roofed, and there listen, night after night, to a consecutive history, related for sixty or even one hundred nights in succession. The listeners on such occasions have all the air of being spell-bound, especially while hearing some of their native songs, which are frequently extemporized, full of fire, and appealing with irresistible force to the passions. "I have seen," says Major Denham, "a circle of Arabs straining their eyes with a fixed attention at one moment and bursting with loud laughter; at the next melting into tears and clasping their hands in all the ecstasy of grief and sympathy." The good camel-driver frequently cheers his beast with one of these melodies, and divides his barley-cake with those

Mute companions of his toils, that bear
In all his griefs a more than equal share.
There, where no springs in summers die away,
Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day.

But sometimes the poor slave suffers dreadfully from the zealous ignorance of those who have the care of him. The attention of Bishop Heber, when on his journey to Cawnpore, was attracted by the dreadful groans of one of the baggage-camels. He went to the spot, and found that two of the camel-drivers had bound its legs in a kneeling posture, so that it could not stir, and were burning it with hot irons in all the fleshy and cartilaginous parts of its body. The good bishop inquired what they were doing, and was answered that the camel had a fever and wind, and would die if they did not so treat it; and die it did, after all, *secundum artem*. Our French neighbors love to be systematic, and thus classify the helpers of men: *Le médecin qui guérit*—he is very rare; *Le médecin qui attend la guérison*—much more common, but still comparatively rare; and *Le médecin qui tue*. The camel-doctors appear to have belonged to the last and most numerous class, though the treatment seems to have been somewhat similar to that practised on Rodin, for cholera, with

success. Immersion in water seems to be most injurious to the camel; and after being compelled to pass through rivers, disease frequently supervenes. It also appears to be liable to intoxication without drinking stimulating liquors. "Several of our camels," says Dr. Oudney, "are drunk to-day. Their eyes are heavy, and want animation; gait staggering, and every now and then falling as a man in a state of intoxication." This arose, according to the doctor, from eating dates after drinking water; and he accounts for the effect on the animal by the probable passing of the fruit into the spirituous fermentation in its stomach—that wonderful stomach, which contains a series of reservoirs to enable the desert ship to pursue its voyage over the trackless and arid sands. Yes, it is so. Doubts have been entertained upon the authority of a celebrated name, for it has been stated by a distinguished comparative anatomist* that John Hunter did not give credit to this assertion. But upon looking to the source—and, as Dr. Johnson said of conversation, it is of primary consequence in appreciating information to ascertain whether it comes from a spring or a reservoir—we find that Dr. Patrick Russell, the writer on whom Sir Everard depended for this contradiction of a generally received notion, states in the appendix to his brother's *History of Aleppo*, that water, in cases of distress, is taken from the camel's stomach, and that it is a fact neither doubted in Syria nor considered strange. The doctor confesses that he never was himself in a caravan reduced to such an expedient, but he adds that he has no reason to distrust the report of others, particularly of the Arabs; and he refers to the historian Beidawi, who, in relating the prophet's expedition to Tabuc against the Greeks, observes that, among other miseries of the army, the belligerents were reduced to the extremity of slaying their camels to quench their thirst with the water contained in those animated water-skins. But further, the doctor records that on his return from the East Indies, in 1789, having heard accidentally that his friend Mr. John Hunter had dissected a camel, and was supposed to have expressed an opinion that the animal's power of preserving water in its stomach was rather improbable, he took an opportunity of conversing with that illustrious physiologist on the subject, when, he says, to the best of his recollection, John Hunter told him that he by no means drew any such absolute inference from his dissection; that he saw no reason for assigning more than four stomachs to the camel, though he could conceive that water might be found in the paunch little impregnated with the dry provender of the desert, and readily separating or draining from it. The doctor then goes into anatomical detail, and those who wish to follow him have only to go to the Museum of the College of Surgeons of London—the great John Hunter's great monument—where they will find the reticulum, or water bag of the camel, with

* Sir Everard Home.

such an explanation as a catalogue proceeding from the pen of Professor Owen only could give.

Then, if we want extrinsic evidence, we have only to call one of the most truthful, amiable witnesses, that ever left friends to lament him. Captain Lyon, upon the occasion of a death of one of these animals, says, in his most interesting narrative,—

I never before had an opportunity of observing how water is procured from the belly of a camel to satisfy the thirst of an almost perishing kafilé.* It is the false stomach which contains the water and undigested food. This is strained through a cloth and then drank; and from those who have been under the necessity of making use of the beverage I learn that the taste is bitter. As the animal had recently drank, its stomach was nearly full.

The sailor, whose love of adventure had induced him to make a land voyage, and who suffered accordingly, (for, though full of resources, he must have been very much like a fish out of water—a salmon on a gravel walk, for instance,) amused himself by making observations on the skin and skeleton of the defunct; and which way do you think his thoughts went? *Naturam expelles, &c.*; but you may be sure of the recurrence; why, in planning a boat out of the remains. He found that a most excellent contrivance might be made from them for the purpose of crossing rivers, the back-bone being used as the keel and the ribs as timbers. The formation of the chest of the camel struck him as being like nothing so much as the prow of a Portuguese bean-cod, or fishing-boat;† and, with the frankness of a sailor, he adds, that it was in consequence of hearing the Arabs always calling it “markab,” or ship, that the idea first occurred to him.

Ship, indeed; never was metaphor more true. Launched upon the sandy ocean, where the compass is not unfrequently used, the camel fleet pursues its voyage until it reaches its anchoring ground for the night in some brake well known to the devidjis, making commerce easy between nations, to whom the desert would otherwise be an unconquerable bar, or smooths the dreary way from Damascus to Mecca for the Mahometan pilgrim. The camel of the caravans which trade between Cairo and the interior to spots still a blank on the map of the European geographer becomes a slave-ship. When one of these slave-caravans reaches the open country, the miserable slave has to undergo the horrors of a sort of middle-passage in the desert, though his treatment, terrible as it is, is mild when compared with the agonies of the hold. He is made fast to a long pole, one end of which is tied to a camel's saddle, and the other, which is forked, is passed on each side of his neck and tied behind with strong cord, so as to render it impossible for him to get his head out; his right hand is fastened to the pole at a short distance from his head. Thus, with

his legs and left arm at liberty, the slave is, as it were, taken in tow by the camel, behind which he marches all day long, and is cast off at night only to be put in irons.

The hadj, or pilgrim-caravan, pursues its route principally by night, and by torch-light. Moving about four o'clock in the afternoon, it travels without stopping till an hour or two after the sun is above the horizon. The extent and luxury of these pilgrimages, in ancient times especially, almost exceed belief. Haroun, of *Arabian Nights'* celebrity, performed the pilgrimage no less than nine times, and with a grandeur becoming the commander of the faithful. The caravan of the mother of the last of the Abbassides numbered one hundred and twenty thousand camels. Nine hundred camels were employed merely in bearing the wardrobe of one of the caliphs, and others carried snow with them to cool their sherbert. Nor was Bagdad alone celebrated for such pomp and luxury in fulfilling the directions of the Koran. The sultan of Egypt, on one occasion, was accompanied by five hundred camels, whose luscious burdens consisted of sweetmeats and confectionery only; while two hundred and eighty were entirely laden with pomegranates and other fruits. The itinerant larder of this potentate contained one thousand geese and three thousand fowls. Even so late as sixty years since, the pilgrim-caravan from Cairo was six hours in passing one who saw the procession.

The departure of such an array, with its thousands of camels glittering in every variety of trappings, some with two brass field-pieces each, others with bells and streamers—others, again, with kettle-drummers, others covered with purple velvet, with men walking by their sides playing on flutes and flageolets—some glittering with neck ornaments and silver-studded bridles, variegated with colored beads, and with nodding plumes of ostrich-feathers on their foreheads—to say nothing of the noble, gigantic, sacred camel, decked with cloth of gold and silk, his bridle studded with jewels and gold, led by two sheiks in green, with the ark or chapel containing the Koran written in letters of gold—forms a dazzling contrast to the spectacle it not unfrequently presents before its mission is fulfilled. Numbers of these gayly-caparisoned creatures drop and die miserably, and when the pilgrimage leaves Mecca the air is too often tainted with the effluvia reeking from the bodies of the camels that have sunk under the exhausting fatigue of the march. After he had passed the Akaba, near the head of the Red Sea, the whitened bones of the dead camels were the land-marks which guided the pilgrim through the sand-wastes, as he was led on by the alternate hope and disappointment of the mirage, or “serab,” as the Arabs term it. Burckhardt describes this phenomenon as seen by him when they were surrounded during a whole day's march by phantom lakes. The color was of the purest azure—so clear, that the shadows of the mountains which bordered the horizon were reflected with

* Caravan.

† *Phaselus ille quem videtis hospites.*—CATULLUS.

extreme precision; and the delusion of its being a sheet of water was thus rendered perfect. He had often seen the mirage in Syria and Egypt; there he always found it of a whitish color, like morning mist, seldom lying steadily on the plain, almost continually vibrating; but in the case above described the appearance was very different, and bore the most complete resemblance to water. This exact similitude the traveller attributes to the great dryness of the air and earth in the desert where he beheld it. There, too, the appearance of water approached much nearer than in Syria and Egypt, being often not more than two hundred paces from the beholders, whereas he had never seen it before at a distance of less than half-a-mile.

Will it be believed that some zoologists (among them we could mention a great name*—the name of one who did glorious service in his day, but who was too prone to attempt to put Nature in the wrong) have endeavored to account for the construction of the camel by a theory based upon the lengthened servitude of the animal? Now, if you grant, as you will not if you are wise, that the callosities of the camel were the result of an infinitesimal series of genuflexions, the slave-tokens of a long submission to the tyrant man, what will you make of the internal organization—of the cisterns which enable the animal to live where any creature not so provided must perish from thirst without artificial aid? Here are vast sandy deserts to be traversed before man can communicate with man. Where is the medium of communication? Nature presents an animal of surpassing endurance, capable, upon emergency, of sustaining a thirst of ten or twelve days' duration. The head is levelled directly forward, and lighted by eyes that can look onward, and in some degree backward, but which are protected from the downward stroke of the sun by an overhanging orbit which prevents the camel from looking upward. The nostrils are so formed that the animal has only to make the muscles do their duty to shut them against the sand-storm of the simoon. From the sole of the elastic foot to the crown of the well-balanced head the camel externally is formed for the destiny which it has to fulfil; and its internal structure is pregnant with proofs of its adaptation to its own wants as well as the wants of man on that particular portion of the earth where it is most vigorous; if it be taken thence and transplanted to other localities, it does its duty after a fashion, but the breed dwindles.

The geologist well knows that the disposition of the strata, after all the convulsions and disruptions they have undergone, is precisely that which presents the most accommodating surface to man. If they had remained as they were at first deposited, where would he have found that mineral wealth which is the great source of civilization? It is quite true that this very mineral wealth is enabling him to supersede the animal of which we have been treating, perhaps at too great length. The steam-power—Darwin was a great and true

prophet*—may leave the camel far behind, even in the desert; but no sound physiologist can contemplate the creature without seeing in it an overwhelming manifestation of the wisdom of the Creator.

From Fraser's Magazine.

DIPLOMACY, DIPLOMATISTS, AND DIPLOMATIC SERVANTS OF ENGLAND.

PART II.

WE were not of the number of those who expected that Mr. Henley would have thrown any new light on, or would have entered largely into a consideration of, the abuses of our diplomatic system. The truth is that there are not four men in the House of Commons—and not above half-a-dozen in the House of Lords—competent from experience, from acquired knowledge, and from travel, to deal with this difficult subject. The honorable member for Oxfordshire, though a very shrewd and sagacious person—though a man of excellent abilities, sound natural understanding, very considerable confidence and power of expression—and a most laudable perseverance, combined with strong sound sense—does not, nevertheless, from his position as an Oxfordshire gentleman farming his own estate, or from especial study, possess any particular aptitude for criticism or inquiry into the diplomatic service;—does not, in a word, possess that peculiar information necessary to the successful treatment of the subject. Mr. Henley is far too sensible a man to attempt to handle any question with which he is not thoroughly acquainted, and therefore he has properly left this branch of the large question which he opened to others with special information and defined views on the subject.

Irrespectively, too, of this consideration, we doubt whether the diplomatic service ought to be submitted to any such uniform theory of reduction as the Protectionist orator proposed. Very many diplomatic salaries ought, certainly, to be reduced; while some, on the other hand, ought in fairness and equity to be raised; but no one uniform scale of reduction should be applied to all, and the argument as to the price of provisions, house-rent, &c., however true it may be in reference to servants employed in England and the colonies, is not true so universally in reference to diplomatists employed in other countries. Let it be understood, therefore, once for all, that we do not adopt, in reference to this question, Mr. Henley's theories or reasonings generally. It is not because beef and bread have been twelve or fifteen per cent. cheaper in the country and in London since 1846 that we would reduce the salaries of the ambassadors at Paris, Petersburg, Madrid, and other places

* Soon shall thy arm, *unconquered steam*, afar,
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car.

This is fulfilled. Who shall say that the rest of the prophecy may not come to pass?

Or, on wide-waving wings expanded bear
The flying chariot through the fields of air.

* Buffon.

which we shall specify when we come to that branch of the subject.

Our readers may remember, that, in the observations we made last month on the diplomatic service, we lamented that no plan of study was traced out at the universities, at our inns of court, or in the Foreign Office, for the young diplomatist. The systematic study of political treaties, of negotiations, and of public law, has never in England been made a branch of education for our public men. We have, at the universities, professors of English, and of civil law, and of modern history; but there is no professor to explain or expound the law of treaties, the principles of negotiations, and those relations between states and countries which it is the business of ambassadors and ministers to preserve and extend.

Other countries less civilized and less powerful than England have adopted some system in the training of their youth destined to figure as ministers and negotiators. In Holland and Sweden special courses on the diplomatic art, on public law, and the law of treaties, are followed by all aspirants who seek employment in embassies or foreign missions; and in Göttingen, an university till lately appurtenant to the English crown—an university, indeed, founded, in 1735, by George II.—special attention has for more than a century been paid to political science, the diplomatic art, and the law of treaties. So far back as 1787, George Frederick Martens was Professor of Public Law and the *Ars Diplomatica* at that university, and in 1789 published at Göttingen his *Précis du Droit des Gens de l'Europe moderne, fondé sur les Traités et l'Usage*. At that period the course of Martens was followed by *alumni* of the university, who afterwards became some of the most remarkable statesmen of Russia and Germany. For many years Martens continued his lectures, with honor to himself and with advantage to his pupils, publishing at intervals works elucidatory of the science to which he had devoted himself. Thus, in 1800, appeared his *Recueil des Traités*, a work supplying what is wanting in the volumes of Dumont—thus, in 1802, he gave to the world his *Guide Diplomatique*. To the credit of Jerome Bonaparte be it said, these publications attracted the attention of the King of Westphalia, and, in 1807, Martens was made *Conseiller d'Etat* and president of the section of Finances. The probity and disinterestedness he exhibited in this official employment caused him to be retained in his post after the fall of Jerome. In 1814 he was appointed one of the secretaries of the Congress of Vienna, and in 1817 he became the accredited minister of Hanover to the Diet of Frankfort. No man, with the exception of Koch, in modern times, had a greater number of pupils, and it is greatly to the praise of the government of Hanover that this industrious teacher and compiler of works on diplomatic science should have been honorably provided for in his declining years in the service of the state in which he had so long creditably taught.

To Schmauss, as well as to Martens, the *Ars Diplomatica*, as it is called, in Germany and in Europe, is also deeply indebted. To him the authorities of the University of Göttingen confided the chair of Public Law and History, attributions which should be rarely dissevered if a competent teacher can be found. Schmauss, one of the earliest professors of the university, following the line indicated by Grotius and Leibnitz nearly a century ago, demonstrated that the systematic reading of political treaties, combined with international law, were the fittest and most appropriate studies to form a statesman. The principles proclaimed by Schmauss received, not merely a willing acceptance, but a large development in Germany.

That learned and laborious people soon saw that something more than the mere exposition of the provisions of treaties was necessary. Lecturers began to consider that a history and commentary on the treaties which they expounded would not be out of place. Some professors went further still, and presented a *tableau* of the state of Europe, and the condition of the different powers. They laid patent to their pupils the causes of the infraction of recent pacts, the disagreements and wars which had followed, the secret or public negotiations, &c. Such was the course followed, first by Schoepflin, a native of the territory of Baden—a man of vast erudition, and who subsequently became professor of history and public law at the University of Strasburgh. Of Schoepflin, Koch was one of the earliest and most distinguished pupils, and he succeeded that eminent man in the chair of General Jurisprudence—an office which he held till his death in 1813.

At the period when Schoepflin first began to lecture, the publicists of Europe were divided into two schools, perfectly distinct. One, the philosophic and speculative school, somewhat mystically deducing international from natural law. At the head of this school was Christian Wolff, or Wolfius, who, on the accession of Frederick the Great, was made professor of the law of nature and nations in the University of Halle; who was made a privy-councillor, vice-chancellor, and subsequently chancellor, of the university; and who was raised to the dignity of baron, unsought and unsolicited on his part, by the Elector of Bavaria. The other, the historical school, essentially progressive and practical, recognizing the grand abstract principles of universal justice, and applying those principles to the politics of modern times, to international usages, treaties, conventions, &c. This latter school was illustrated by Moser, Martens, Schloetzer, and Schmalz in Germany, and by Koch in France.

Of the diplomatic school of Koch, and of the pupils which it produced, we have spoken in a former article. For fourteen years before the first French Revolution, this remarkable man lectured to a considerable class of young diplomatists, who flocked to the University of Strasburgh from

Germany, from Russia, and from the interior of France. But the revolution put a period to his brilliant academical career. The chair of Public Law was abolished, and Koch became a member of the National Assembly, in which he was soon appointed one of the diplomatic committee. In the Legislative Assembly he also sat; but on the dissolution of that body he took refuge in Switzerland. Returning to France, he was named, in 1802, a member of the Tribunate, and remained in this corps for five years, till the period of its suppression in 1807. At this period the Emperor Napoleon, recognizing the merit and learning of M. Koch, asked what he could do for him, or if there were any particular place to which he aspired? All that Koch required was, that he might be permitted to return to his favorite literary occupations. This was at once acceded to. He returned to Strasburgh with a pension of four thousand francs a year, and was, in 1810, created honorary rector of the university—an office he held till the period of his death, in 1813.

Even Koch's fellow-laborer, Schoell, who had been in early life a bookseller at Berlin, and subsequently at Basle in Switzerland, was, from the knowledge of treaties which he exhibited in his collection relating to the Confederation of the Rhine, named by the King of Prussia, Counsellor of the Prussian Legation at Paris, and favorably noticed by Alexander of Russia. We state these things to prove that in continental countries, and even in kingdoms, where five-and-thirty or forty years ago absolute despotism prevailed, learned and capable men, skilled in public law, were then, and indeed are now, far more appreciated than in free and enlightened England. By the aid and instruction of such men it is that the youth destined for a diplomatic career arrive at a practical knowledge and use of the law of nations, of treaties, conventions, and records, and the whole system of federal acts, on which the settlement of Europe is based.

It is remarkable, as we before hinted, that neither at Oxford nor at Cambridge—neither at Dublin nor at Edinburgh—is there any professorship or faculty endowed or created to teach these indispensable acquirements.

The late Professor Starkie limited his lectures, and the present Professor Amos, at Cambridge, confines himself, to English law; and the professor of civil law, we believe, does not step beyond his domain into the law of nations, or the diplomatic art.

The lecturers at the inns of court confine their prelections to readings on special pleading, conveyancing, evidence, and criminal law, and do not venture into the *terra incognita* of the law of treaties. Is it, then, any wonder that young Englishmen suddenly thrust from a public school, or the university, on diplomatic life, have no conception of the duties or the difficulties of their position? Notwithstanding the improvements introduced into Eton during the last twelve or fifteen years, in respect of modern languages, how few Englishmen

are there—young, middle-aged, or old—who can carry on a conversation decently in French at a public table! How infinitely fewer who could maintain one side or other of a disputed public question in reference to boundary, to the succession of a particular family to a particular territory, or the rights of belligerents or neutrals! Supposing the young secretary to perfectly possess the language—an extravagant supposition—he is likely to lack the learning and matter; and supposing him to be well read in public law—a supposition equally extravagant—he is likely to be wanting in lingual accomplishments, and facility and copiousness of expression, in a tongue so nearly universal as the French. As to a mastery over the German, Spanish, or Italian languages, probably there are not three men connected with our diplomatic service who possess it.

When we have seen, in a recent correspondence, an ex-ambassador to Spain, verging on the mature age of fifty, who travelled in Greece so long ago as 1824—who was attached to the mission in Berlin in 1827—who was attached to the embassy at Vienna in April, 1829—who was attached to the embassy at the Hague in April, 1830, and to the embassy at Paris in 1832; in which capital he subsequently acted as secretary of embassy and *chargé d'affaires*—not able to write a common note in French (we speak not of idiomatic or pure language) without half-a-dozen gross mistakes; and when we see a man so travelled and accomplished as the envoy to Greece, who has been for nearly half his life resident abroad, falling into errors equally glaring, one is disposed, in reference to such matters, to blush for one's country. This was not the manner in which a Chesterfield, a St. Helens, and a Sir J. Harris, served England in the employments confided to them.

The head of a mission or an embassy from England, however instructed or capable, has not generally the leisure—has not often the inclination—to point out to young men a course of study to qualify themselves for high employments; and even though he were disposed to play so friendly and fatherly a part, it is by no means certain that the class of aristocratic exquisites—for the most part the scions of noble houses—from which *attachés* and secretaries are selected, would be disposed to listen to such friendly advice. Our young *attachés* are generally more distinguished for their horses or their equipages; for the number and shades of their waistcoats, (one secretary of embassy was said to have 132 *gilets* of unexceptionable character;) for the trousers cut by Chevreuil, or the coat built—to use the slang of the craft—by Blin; than for any very deep or profound acquaintance with the treaties of Westphalia or Utrecht.

Such *attachés* are settled on a mission to see a little of the world and of life; they are the *jeunesse dorée* of England, who frequent the Italiens and the Variétés at Paris, the San Carlos at Naples, the Scala at Milan, the Hof theatre at Vienna, and who are distinguished at St. Peters-

burg by the jauntiness of their sledges and the expensiveness of their furs. We do not wish to say anything severe of young men—many of whom are amiable and well-disposed, and we know how difficult it is, to use the familiar proverb, to put old heads on young shoulders—but it does appear to us that if *attachés* were selected from a class of men who meant to make a serious business of the profession of diplomacy, who had to look to it for a livelihood, and who were neither possessed of ample means nor of aristocratic connexions, we should be served by an abler and a more instructed corps of public servants than any we now possess.

Supposing questions on the right of search; of *postliminium*; of the right of passage through a neutral territory; of the right of neutrals to trade with all belligerents; of the rule of 1756, as to the effect of contraband on the ship and goods that accompany it; as to captures made in a neutral territory; or, to give a question now on the carpet, as to the succession of Schleswig and Holstein, or the rival claims of the Duke of Augustenberg and the house of Romanzoff, derived through Duke Albert of Gottorp (from one of whose scions, who succeeded in 1694, the house of Romanzoff descends)—we ask, what living English diplomatist is there who could treat these questions decently off-hand, with the exception of Sir Stratford Canning, who has been forty-three years in the public service, who commenced his duties as *precis-writer* in the Foreign Office in July, 1807, and who, having served as secretary of embassy to the Porte, as envoy to the Swiss Confederation, as minister to the United States, as plenipotentiary on a special mission to Russia, as plenipotentiary on a special mission to Spain, and as ambassador three times near the Sublime Porte, is now serving with credit and advantage in that very Stamboul whose towers and minarets he first saw in 1808! Yet such questions as we have adverted to would be handled with amazing store of learning by most educated Germans—by all German, Dutch, and Danish jurists—by a score or more of professors, lawyers, and publicists living at Hamburg, Kiel, Copenhagen, Frankfort, Berlin, Leipzig, &c. We do not mean to say that there are not half-a-dozen men at Doctors' Commons; above all, Sir Steven Lushington, Dr. Phillimore, Dr. Addams, Dr. Twiss, and Dr. Harding; and two or three, or mayhap four men, at the Common Law Bar, who could handle these subjects, and two or three men in the city, like the late Alexander Baring, (Lord Ashburton,) who have much practical knowledge on such knotty questions. But such are not the men we send as ministers or envoys to foreign parts.

Holland, Germany, France, America, Spain, send forth their eminent lawyers, historians, merchants, jurists, and publicists, to fill embassies and conduct negotiations; while we content ourselves with recruiting our diplomatic corps from the younger branches of the aristocracy, or from the sons of men of wealth apeing the manners and travestying the mode of life of the *grand seigneurs*,

who conceive themselves made of "the porcelain of earth's clay." The Schimmelpennicks, the De Serres, the Rushes, the Wheatons, the Clays, the Adamsons, the Jeffersons, the Rufus Kings, the Daniel Websters, the Dr. Bankses, have all been lawyers; the Washington Irvings, the Bancrofts, the Guizots, the Bunsens, the Niebuhrs, the Humboldts, the Ancillons, were men of letters before and during the period they continued ambassadors.

Nor is it merely in modern times or in free governments only that lawyers, men of letters, or men the architects of their own fortune, were sent on embassies or attached to missions. Hugo Grotius, in the sixteenth century, accompanied Barneveldt on a mission from Holland to Henry IV. He was patronized by Gustavus Adolphus, and, during the minority of Christina, was taken into the service of Sweden, and appointed by Oxenstiern ambassador to France. Adler Salvius was raised from an obscure station by the same sovereign, and entrusted with his most secret negotiations. The President Jeannin, the son of an *échevin*, owed his elevation to his talents, not to family interest. A "grand seigneur" in the diplomacy of those days having asked him whose son he was, Jeannin replied, "*Fils de mes ver'us*." A millionaire, who wished him to become his son-in-law, inquired where his estate lay. "*Dans ma tête et dans ma plume*," was the answer of Jeannin, a man who, with Sully, worthily shared the confidence of that

Roi vaillant,
Ce Diable à quatre, qui avait le triple talent
De boire, de battre, et d'être un vert galant.

Jeannin was ambassador both to Spain and to Holland. On his return from the latter country Henry presented him to the queen, saying, "*Voyez-vous ce bon homme; si Dieu dispose de moi, reposez-vous sur sa fidélité.*"

Had such a man been born in England in our day he might have been a puisne judge, a chief justice, a lord chancellor; he might have been a bishop, an archbishop, or an admiral; but, as matters are now and have been for more than a century and a half arranged, he never could have been an ambassador; for such a man, without birth, without interest, or without party connection, could not have entered into the diplomatic career.

Under the iron despotism of Napoleon, men humbly born, and without the adventitious aids of birth or patronage, rose to the highest diplomatic appointments—Bignon, Maret, Caulaincourt, Duroc, Reinhard, and Champagny. Under Louis XVIII., De Cazes, in early life a *petit procureur de province*, and subsequently secretary and reader to the mother of Napoleon Bonaparte, commonly called Madame Mère, rose to be ambassador.

Under Louis Philippe, embassies, secretaries, and *attachés* to embassies, were chiefly taken from the middle classes. Guizot, Bresson, Rumigny, Piscatory de Bourquenay, Billing, Perier, Humann d'Otezac, and others not necessary to name, be-

longed to the middle ranks, and some of them to classes below the middle ranks in point of social station.

A like rule obtains in Belgium. The Nothombs, the Van de Weyers, and many others not necessary to name, have advanced themselves from very humble positions to serve their country abroad in missions and embassies. Even in Prussia, before she had a constitution, and in Russia, to this hour without a constitution, men are employed in diplomacy, not because they are men of family and fortune, but because of their talents and aptitude. The Pozzo di Borgos, the Krudeners, the Anstetts, the Italinskis, the De Stourdzas, the Brunnows, and twenty others whom we could name, were men "heinously unprovided" with all the goods of this life, who sought their fortune and found it in the diplomatic career in Russia.

In truth, in every country in Europe excepting England, the career of diplomacy is within the reach of all. One of the greatest diplomatists and ministers of Austria in the past century was Thugut, son of a boatman on the Danube, who began life by being attached to the legation at Constantinople, and who, after being mixed up in all the negotiations with France, Prussia, and Russia—after being ambassador at Paris, ended in becoming prime minister of Austria.

From 1806 to 1832 no one man, with the single exception of Metternich, had so great an influence on the diplomacy and general policy of Austria as Frederick Gentz. Yet Gentz was not an Austrian subject of high lineage, but a Prussian of Breslau, son of the head of the mint at that town. Disliking the political system of his own country, the young Gentz emigrated, and obtained a situation in the *chancellerie* of Vienna in 1802. By the mere force of his own intellect and abilities he acquired the confidence and good opinion of men high in office; was entrusted with many missions of a confidential nature; was charged with the composition of the most important state papers; and at the congresses of Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Laybach, and Verona, as well as the conferences in Paris in 1815, his was the willing hand and the ready pen which produced the protocol of the deliberations of the ministers and plenipotentiaries in a shapely and consistent form.

Gentz was unquestionably a writer of great clearness, elegance, and tact—a dialectician of great suppleness and strength. But during his long career we had in England writers as distinguished, and even more distinguished—as the Sydney Smiths and Jeffreys among the whigs, and the Giffords, Southneys, and Coleridges, among the tories; yet not one of the five, nor any man however able, as a mere man of mind, ever exercised, from the period when Gentz entered the Austrian chancery in 1802 to 1815, or even from the period of the Reform Bill, when he died, up to the present time, the least direct personal influence on the march of the government, or on the political color of events. No writer, however celebrated *qua*

writer, during the last half-century, effected an alliance between two great countries. Yet Gentz had not been a year in the Austrian chancery before he visited this country with Mr. Elliot, our then minister at Dresden, and negotiated the alliance between England and Austria.

It is the fashion in this country to call Austria Bœotian, stupid, retrograde, &c.; yet, stupid and Bœotian as she may be, her statesmen have generally appreciated and promoted remarkable talent, no matter how lowly the birth of the possessor. Thus M. Metternich availed himself of the abilities and learning of Frederick Schlegel, a Hanoverian by birth, and an *alumnus* of Göttingen and Leipsic, in the Austrian *Beobachter*—attached him in a diplomatic capacity to the army commanded by the Archduke Charles, and ultimately appointed him *Conseiller de Légation* at Frankfort. Notwithstanding the immense learning, both in ancient and in eastern literature, of Schlegel, had the fate of such a man been cast in England, he might have been the fellow of a college, a public lecturer, a professor, or a contributor to newspapers and reviews like Coleridge—a man far abler, as a man of vigorous mind and powers of original thinking—but he never would have been placed in a position in which his words and his acts would exercise so great an influence. Let us remember, too, that De Flassan was as much noticed in France by the Emperor Napoleon as Gentz or Schlegel in Austria. It was at the instance of Bonaparte that De Flassan undertook his history of French Diplomacy. In this very considerable literary enterprise he had the assistance of Hennin, of the Academy of Inscriptions, and first clerk in the office of Foreign Affairs, who corresponded with Louis XV., when resident at Warsaw, and who, during a career of more than five-and-thirty years, subsequently knew how to preserve the good will of the emperor and the respect of Louis XVIII.

We regret not to be able to cite such instances as these since the days of Cromwell in the diplomatic history of England. The Protector, undoubtedly, chose the ablest men he could find for his representatives; but he chose them for their ability, aptitude, and talent, not for their wealth. Most of his representatives abroad had been or were lawyers—as Thurloe, St. John, Whitelock; and so creditably did his agents demean themselves, that on the Restoration Charles II. followed the example of Cromwell, and sent a lawyer and the son of a lawyer and legal reporter, Bulstrode, to represent him at the court of Brussels.

Would it had been so in the reign of the second, or even of the third or fourth Georges! For now more than a century a practice seems to have grown up of bestowing diplomatic appointments on men of rank and title, totally irrespective of merit or talent. Thus the keen and caustic Horace Walpole speaks of some leading diplomatists in his day—"Lord Albemarle," says he, "keeps an immense table in Paris, with sixteen people in his kitchen. He seldom graces the banquet himself,

being retired out of town with his old Columbine, Mademoiselle Gauchet. With no fortune at all, and with slight parts, he has 17,000*l.* a year from the government, which he squanders away, though he has great debts, and four or five numerous broods of children."

Again, in another part of his correspondence with Sir Horace Mann, the same caustic writer remarks—"My Lady Rochfort is going to Italy; you will not find much in the correspondence of her husband. His person, however, is good; and he will *figure* well enough as an ambassador."

Thus Walpole speaks of Lord Tyrawley, ambassador at Lisbon—"My Lord Tyrawley is come from Portugal, and has brought three wives and fourteen children from Lisbon, where he was ambassador for many years."

Pope has mentioned his and another ambassador's seraglios in one of his imitations of Horace—

Kinnoul's lewd cargo or Tyrawley's crew.

Speaking of Vilette, who had been ambassador to the Porte, and who was a candidate for higher employment, Walpole says, writing to his friend and relative, Sir Horace Mann, "I don't believe Vilette will be easily overpowered, though I wish it, from loving Sir Charles and thinking meanly of the other; *but talents are no passports.*"

We might multiply citations of this nature *ad infinitum*, but *cui bono*? The history of the last century and a half speaks loud-tongued against the inefficiency of our diplomatists and negotiators in every part of the world. If we look to other monarchies, we shall find remarkable instances of the prodigious results effected in negotiation by the talents of single individuals. The alliance of Austria with France, in 1756, was altogether the work of Kaunitz, and to his personal address is entirely owing the great results produced.

Previous to the peace of Paris, in 1763, England lost by her stupid negotiations what she had previously gained. Instead of having a really able man at Paris we had there an English duke, Bedford, placed by family influence and the exigencies of party in a position for which he had neither the capacity, the talents, nor the address. By this stupid treaty of peace Great Britain ceded Belle-Ile, Martinique, Guadaloupe, Marie Galante, La Désirade, Goree, and the possessions which France possessed in 1749 on the coasts of Coromandel, Orixá, Malabar, and Bengal, back to her. It was by this miserable treaty, also, that the English fortifications in the Bay of Honduras were engaged to be destroyed, and that Cuba, the most magnificent island in the world for its size, was restored to Spain.

Our foreign policy and diplomacy was generally transcendent under the elder and the younger Pitt. But these remarkable men chose fitting instruments for the accomplishment of their designs. It cannot be too often repeated, that it is in the ability, skill, and safe conduct of agents, whether these agents be ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary, or simple envoys, on which de-

pends the success or the failure of the views and plans of the government at home. If we had chosen more fitting agents in the last century, we might have earlier learned of the treaty for the partition of Poland, of which we knew nothing till it had been two months signed.

We have now stated enough to prove that the education and organization of our diplomatic corps is imperfect; and, till the mode of selection and appointment be changed, we have little hope of witnessing any important alteration or improvement.

Two or three large folio volumes might be easily filled with the errors and mistakes of our diplomacy—to use no harsher term. Their deeds of omission are as numerous as their deeds of commission. It is one of the peculiarities incident to this service, that whenever any real or effective business is to be done at any embassy, it is not performed by the ambassador, his secretaries, or *attachés*, but by persons sent out expressly for the purpose—by some *specialité*, as the French would say, who has a peculiar aptitude. Thus Mr. Villiers, and Mr. John Bowring, commonly called Dr. Bowring, were sent on various missions to France, to Egypt, and to the Mediterranean. Thus Sir Henry Parnell was sent to inquire, as well as Dr. Bowring, into the system of *comptabilité*, and of the French post-office; thus Messrs. M'Gregor, Porter, Featherstonehaugh, Rothery, and Banfield, were sent to inquire into the questions of tariffs, sulphur monopoly, &c. Even when the questions of the slave trade and the right of search were to be settled with France, instead of managing this through the agency of our ambassador at Paris, Dr. Lushington was named commissioner to discuss the question with the Duke de Broglie on the part of France. We by no means say that this was wrong under the circumstances. But does not the very employment of half-a-dozen or more men, neither belonging to the *corps diplomatique* nor in all cases persons of eminent capacity—does not the employment of strange and foreign hands to do the proper business of embassies convey the strongest censure on the body, and prove its general inefficiency? In the whole range of our diplomacy there is not a man with a tithe of the attainments of Dr. (now Sir Stephen) Lushington; yet if that eminent individual, before he had been made a judge, desired to fill an embassy, or even to go as envoy extraordinary to a third or fourth rate power, obstacles would have been interposed—the berth would have been required for the brother of my lord duke of this, or the son of the marquess of that.

It were time, now, that we said something on the costliness of our diplomacy, and of the extent to which salaries may be reduced. Before, however, we enter on details, let us be understood. We are not of the number of those who think parsimony economy, for a great expense may be an essential part of the true economy, especially if large ends are to be attained. Extraordinary

expense, however, should be limited to the worth of the occasion; and looking at the large sums paid by England to men notoriously inefficient, every dispassionate person will say that the scale of salaries ought to be immediately reformed. Even with really good, efficient, and working men, there is room for retrenchment, as we shall proceed to show.

The ambassador in Paris receives a salary of 10,000*l.* per annum, independently of a house rent free. This, comprising the advantage accruing from the hôtel of embassy, is a larger sum than is received by any of our judges—a larger sum than is received by the chief justice of England, who has about ten times as much labor, twenty times as much responsibility, and who requires for the due exercise of his office higher faculties and greater attainments. Under all the circumstances of the case, and seeing that our ambassador is accredited to a republic, we conceive a salary of 8000*l.* a year to be abundantly sufficient. By this means a saving of 2000*l.* would be effected for the country.

The secretary of embassy has 1000*l.* per annum, and the first *attaché* 400*l.* In neither of these salaries, nor in the salaries of any of the secretaries or *attachés*, would we make any alteration whatever.

The ambassador to Russia has an allowance of 10,000*l.* a year, with 1000*l.* for house rent. From this embassy we would make even a larger reduction—deducting altogether the allowance for house rent, and allowing the ambassador 8000*l.* a year. We are aware that St. Petersburg is an expensive capital, but there British travellers are rare, and the demands on the hospitality of the embassy are few and far between. A British envoy is not bound to imitate the reckless prodigality, the wasteful profusion and barbaric pomp, of Russian Boyars. The dinners and balls of an ambassador gain him no influence. It is not *truffles à la Provençale*, or *salmis de bécassines*, however exquisite, that produce effect on the chanceries of foreign governments, but the number of British sail of the line afloat, and the patriotic spirit of the English people. Even with 8000*l.* a year, however, an English ambassador at St. Petersburg would possess a larger income than any one of the *corps diplomatique* there resident. On this embassy, therefore, a saving of 3000*l.* a year could be well made.

The salary of the ambassador at Vienna is 9000*l.* a year, with an allowance of 900*l.* for house rent. As Vienna is one of the cheapest capitals, and as the political importance of Austria in the balance of Europe is considerably decreased, we think the business of the embassy might be very well conducted for 7000*l.* a year; thus saving 2000*l.* in salary, and 900*l.* in house rent.

The next embassy is that to the Sublime Porte, the salary of which is 6500*l.* a year. From this the sum of 1500*l.* per annum might be deducted, leaving the ambassador 5000*l.* a year to spend—an ample allowance for any moderate man in a

Christian, and, *à fortiori*, an ample sum in a heathen, land.

The salary of the ambassador to Spain is 6000*l.* per annum, with an allowance of 500*l.* per annum for house rent. Under any circumstances this is greatly too high a salary. But now that Spain has dwindled down from a first to a third rate power—now that she exercises no influence in Europe—we conceive the ambassador would be liberally paid with a salary of 4000*l.* per annum, allowing him nothing for house rent. When a Russian minister was accredited to Madrid he had but 4000*l.*, and with that sum contrived to get very efficiently through the business of his nation.

In Prussia we allow our envoy extraordinary 5000*l.* a year, with 500*l.* for house rent. As Prussia is poor as frugal, it seems to us that we should be in harmony with frugality so far as is compatible with efficiency. Under these circumstances 3000*l.* or 3500*l.* per annum would be an ample allowance, covering all expenses of house.

The envoy in the charming capital of Naples—*Vede Napoli e poi mori*—a capital one would pay largely to be enabled to live in, has an allowance of 4000*l.* salary, and 400*l.* per annum for house rent. As there is really no business to do at Naples, and as that town is one of the very cheapest under the sun, there can be little doubt that 3000*l.* a year would be an ample allowance for all expenses, house rent included.

The same remark applies to Portugal, where the salary is the same. Like case therefore like rule. On both these embassies a reduction of 1400*l.* per annum ought to be made.

The envoy at the Hague has an allowance of 3600*l.* a year, with 400*l.* for house rent. As the Dutch are the most frugal people, and as the country no longer possesses the rank and importance among nations which it attained in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it appears to us that it would be difficult to assign a reason why the minister should have more than 3000*l.* a year to defray *all* expenses. The envoy, Sir E. Cromwell Disbrowe, is a descendant of the Protector Cromwell, and no man was less likely to tolerate extravagance than Old Noll.

What we have said in reference to the Hague applies in as full a degree to Belgium. The salary is the same, so should be the reduction, thus effecting a saving on each mission of 1000*l.* a year.

The envoy to Sweden has an allowance of 3000*l.* a year, with 400*l.* for house rent. 2400*l.* a year would be an ample allowance for this and the mission to Denmark, where the salary is the same.

As Munich is a remarkably cheap and abundant capital, the allowance of 3600*l.*, with 400*l.* a year for house rent, is considerably too large. The finest house in Munich might be had for half the money. From the Munich mission, as well as the Sardinian, a deduction of 1400*l.* per annum each ought to be made. We admit that the minister at Turin

has latterly had somewhat to do, (the minister's berth at Munich is a complete sinecure,) and that Mr. Abercromby has done his business well; but nevertheless we conceive a salary of 2600*l.* a year ample.

Nine hundred pounds might be reduced from the allowance of the minister to the German Diet, who receives 2600*l.* a year salary and an allowance of 300*l.* for house rent; and from the ministers at Wurtemberg and Tuscany, who receive each 2000*l.* a year, with an allowance of 300*l.* for house rent, a reduction might be made in the former of 500*l.* a year at the least, and from the latter a still larger sum, unless, indeed, it were proposed to credit the minister at Wurtemberg to the Court of Saxony likewise. In that event the minister might be allowed his present salary.

The ministers to Switzerland and Greece, who receive each salaries of 2000*l.*, with an allowance, of the first 250*l.*, and the second 200*l.*, for house rent, should be considerably reduced. Among the thrifty Swiss an extravagant salary is out of place; 1500*l.* ought to cover all expenses; nor do we think a larger sum ought to be given to the minister at Greece.

The ministers at Mexico, Colombia, and Buenos Ayres receive far too large salaries.

At Mexico we pay 3600*l.* a year salary, with an allowance of 400*l.* for house rent. From this 1500*l.* a year ought to be deducted, leaving 2500*l.* to cover all expenses.

At Colombia we pay the minister 3000*l.* a year salary, with an allowance of 400*l.* for a house; and at Buenos Ayres 3000*l.* a year, with 300*l.* for a house. From these two missions 1500*l.* a year ought to be deducted, if, indeed, the business might not be well performed by a consul-general and *chargé d'affaires*, which is the plan followed by France. The minister accredited to Chili, Peru, Guatemala, and the Banda Oriental, receives the very large sum of 5900*l.* This allowance ought to be reduced nearly one half, if indeed it were not as well to intrust the duties to a simple consul-general and *chargé d'affaires*.

The minister at Washington has a salary of 4500*l.* a year, with an allowance of 500*l.* for house rent. This seems a monstrous sum when we reflect that the salaries of diplomatic agents of the United States are as follows:—

Salary of Ministers,	\$9000 per ann.,	about	£1800
Chargé d'Affaires,	4500	"	900
Sec. of Legation,	2000	"	350

We do not say that the representative of an old monarchy should be paid in the same manner and on the same scale as the representative of a young republic, but it certainly does appear to us that in paying him double the sum allowed by America, *i. e.*, 3600*l.* to cover all expenses, every exigency ought to be satisfied. By the reductions we have proposed a saving of about 50,000*l.* per annum might be effected. We would not throw this into the coffers of the state, but apply it to the payment of the *attaché*, to the embassies and lega-

tions. These young gentlemen, being then the paid servants of the state, might be compelled to attend regularly to their duties, and to follow them as a profession, as young men follow law or medicine, or any other calling. How such a reform may be brought about, we may take an early opportunity of showing. In all we have said touching reductions, we of course speak prospectively, for it would be not only unfair, but flagrantly unjust, to interfere with present possessors, or what are called "vested interests." For the present we must conclude, the space reserved to us being already exhausted. But we may, from the deliberations of Lord John Russell's committee or the course of public events, be obliged again to recur to the subject within a very short period. The theme is an inviting and fertile one; and as nations are approximated by rail and steam, the question becomes more and more important.

Happily the people of the two greatest and most civilized nations in the world are now so enlightened, instructed and well disposed, that not even the perverse combativeness of politicians, French or English, can set them by the ears. We shall, therefore, despite Greece and Don Pacifico, Palmerston and De Lahitte, have the felicity of offering our suggestions, and making our remarks in a season of peace, favorable alike to reform and retrenchment.

THE ONE CHERISHED SIN.—Often from my window on the sea-shore I have observed a little boat at anchor. Day after day, and month after month, it is seen at the same spot. The tides ebb and flow, yet it scarcely moves. While many a gallant vessel spreads its sails, and, catching the favoring breeze, has reached the haven, this little bark moves not from its accustomed spot. True it is, that when the tide rises, it rises; and when it ebbs again, it sinks; but advances not. Why is this! Approach nearer, and you will see. It is fastened to the earth by one slender rope. There is the secret. A cord scarcely visible enchains it and will not let it go. Now, stationary Christians, see here your state—the state of thousands. Sabbaths come and go, but leave them as before. Ordinances come and go; ministers come and go; means, privileges, sermons, move them not—yes, they move them;—a slight elevation by a Sabbath tide, and again they sink; but no onward, heavenward movement. They are remote as ever from the haven of rest; this Sabbath as the last, this year as the past. Some one sin enslaves, enchains the soul, and will not let it go. Some secret, unseen allowed indulgence, drags down the soul, and keeps it fast to earth. If it be so, snap it asunder; make one desperate effort in the strength of God.

An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations. By Adam Smith, LL. D. With a Life of the Author, an Introductory Discourse, Notes, and Supplemental Dissertations. By J. R. McCulloch, Esq., Member of the Institute of France. Fourth Edition, corrected and improved.—*Spectator*.

From the Spectator.

PHIPPS' MEMOIRS OF ROBERT PLUMER WARD.*

THE literary success of the author of *Tremaine* was owing to the worldly experience and means of observation which his official position gave him; but the sole interest which he possesses in the eyes of the world arises from his success as an author. As an office-holder, he was not a mere red-tapist, but one of those able, hard-working, experienced administrative men, who really carry on the business of government, and, except in the case of rare ability and courage in a 'chief,' are masters of the ministers, though want of interest, ambition, or "gift of the gab," retains them in a subordinate post. As an author, Mr. Ward's temporary success was greater than his permanent prospects. His subjects were generally large enough; he was a man of extensive reading, and his tastes took in a wide range; but he was essentially bounded by the present. His earlier works, which procured him the patronage of Pitt, and with it a seat in Parliament, and office, were on the Law of Nations; and though their most attractive part related to a temporary subject, the rights of belligerents and neutrals, there was enough in that branch of the subject to secure duration; but who reads them now? how few, indeed, know of their existence! He cannot be said to have originated the serio-didactic novel, for Hannah More and others had long cultivated that field; but he brought to it what they could not bring, a well-bred scholarship, a wide knowledge of private and public life, seen in affairs as well as society, with less of a narrow sectarian spirit; yet it may be doubted whether *Tremaine* some thirty years hence will be more read than *Calebs in Search of a Wife*. If Mr. Ward did not found the school of fashionable novelists, he was certainly among the founders; and he infused into the best of his works, *De Vere*, a real knowledge of parliamentary life, a newer and truer view of statesmen and nobles, though a little en beau, and a great variety of actual characters. The circumstance of Wentworth's supposed resemblance to Canning, and the accident of publication at a time when the official conspiracy of the novel seemed acting in Parliament, gave *De Vere* a success with the world at large, which its length and long-windedness might have marred. Mr. Ward's essays (generally in the form of stories) were not so successful with the public as his fictions. We think he was by nature designed for an essayist—naturally given to discuss and expound; but nature had denied him that penetrating originality of perception, that vigor of thought, and (as a consequence) that terseness of style, which are necessary to render the essay attractive, and to preserve it. As Rob-

ert Plumer Ward was essentially confined to the present, so he was dependent on it; he was nothing if not in the mode, and in his later works he rather fell behind the fashion.

His life as presented in these volumes was not very remarkable or eventful. His father was a merchant at Gibraltar, and also held the post of chief clerk of the civil department of the ordnance in that garrison; his mother was a Spanish Jewess. Robert Ward was born in London, in 1765, on a visit of the family to England; and, after an education at private schools, was sent to Oxford, in 1783. He left the University in 1787, in debt; and soon after became a student of the Inner Temple. An affection of the knee-joint sent him to Bareges; he was speedily cured, but was so attracted by the pleasures of French society that he remained in France till the revolution; from which he had a narrow escape.

It happened, unfortunately for him, that another "Ward," of about the same age and personal appearance, had incurred the suspicion of the republican party, at a moment when suspicion lost all its doubts, and death followed close upon the heels of certainty. To use his own words, "I was arrested for having the same name and the same colored coat and waistcoat as another Ward, guilty of treason; was ordered without trial to Paris, to be guillotined; and only escaped by their catching the real traitor; I was, however, banished the republic, merely for my name's sake."

On his return to England he was called to the bar, in June, 1790; and but for a singular circumstance might have passed through life as a literary barrister, with middling success in law and letters.

He was, early in 1794, leaving his chambers in the Temple for the purpose of paying a visit in the northern outskirts of London. Upon crossing Fleet Street he had to traverse Bell Yard; and as he passed a watchmaker's shop, his attention was attracted by a placard in the window, of a very revolutionary character, convening a meeting of a certain society, that evening, at the watchmaker's. Many a man would have passed it unnoticed, or contented himself with a feeling of regret or indignation at the prevalence, during that period, of similar views; not so was it with young Ward; he was fresh from all the horrors which the success of such principles in a neighboring country had entailed; he at once determined to enter the watchmaker's shop, and provoke a discussion with him. For two hours did the young student contest with the republican the justice of his sentiments; for two hours did he labor to impress upon him, not only by argument but by his own experience, the horrors to which success must lead; but at the end of that time he was obliged to leave him, apparently unmoved, or at all events unconvinced. He paid his distant visit, and late in the evening returned homewards through the same alley. Despairing of success, he paid no second visit to his disputant of the morning, though he did remark with pleasure that the revolutionary placard had been withdrawn. Hardly, however, had he passed the shop twenty yards, when he heard some one running after and calling to him. He looked back and be-

* Memoirs of the Political and Literary Life of Robert Plumer Ward, Esq., Author of "The Law of Nations," "Tremaine," "De Vere," &c. With Selections from his Correspondence, Diaries, and unpublished Literary Remains. By the Honorable Edmund Phipps. In two volumes. Published by Murray.

held the republican watchmaker. The manner of the man was changed from the dogged imperturbability with which he had listened to Mr. Ward's arguments in the morning, to a frank and eager confidence. "I have called you in," said he, "to say I have done nothing but think over your words; I feel their truth; I shudder at the precipice on which I stood, at the evil I was about to do; and am now as anxious to communicate and prevent, as I was before to conceal all our schemes." He then communicated to him the existence of a most fearful plot against the government, which, with his newly-awakened feelings, he longed to frustrate by immediately informing the authorities, if he who had convinced would also accompany and support him.

They went to the chief magistrate, Sir Richard Ford; who attached so much importance to the communication, that the three were at once ushered into the presence of Pitt and his colleagues, assembled with Macdonald and Scott, the attorney and solicitor-general. The singular history was duly narrated in detail; the arguments carried on by the young Mentor, the misgivings of the republican, and then the details of the impending danger. The countenance of Pitt was turned with interest on the young lawyer, who seemed not only to share that horror of revolutionary movements with which he was himself so strongly imbued, but who had so gallantly acted upon it. "What was your motive, young gentleman," he inquired, "for thus entering the shop?" "I, sir," answered young Ward, "am not long returned from France, and have there seen in practice what sounds so fine in theory."

Though, according to report, Pitt was not the man to overlook rising talent or lose sight of a useful adherent, eight years elapsed before much came of this singular introduction; during which the young barrister published two books or pamphlets on the Law of Nations, married a sister of Lady Mulgrave, and was slowly working his way at the bar. In 1802, Pitt, in a stiff enough letter, offered Mr. Ward a seat for Cockeremouth, one of the Lowther boroughs; and when he returned to power, his protégé became under-secretary of state for the foreign department, (his brother-in-law, Lord Mulgrave, being principal secretary,) after he had published a pamphlet in justification of Pitt's highhanded seizure of the Spanish treasure ships. Of course he went out on the accession of All the Talents after Pitt's death; and came in again on their expulsion, as a Lord of the Admiralty, still under lord Mulgrave. In 1812, he was moved to the Ordnance, as "clerk." In 1823, he quitted office, withdrew from Parliament, and began novel-writing as an amusement, at fifty-eight. He died in 1846, in his eighty-second year; having lived long enough to see his son, the present lord high commissioner of the Ionian Islands, secretary to the Admiralty under a whig ministry. He was thrice married, and each time advantageously. His first wife, as we have seen, was a sister-in-law of Lord Mulgrave; the second, whom he wedded at the age of sixty-three, was the widow of Mr. Plumer, of Gilston Park, which became his through the marriage; his third alliance, when he was nearly seventy,

gave him the advantage of a jointure, of 1,000*l.* per annum allowance as guardian, and a couple of mansions. His writings would lead to the notion that Robert Ward was everything tender and amiable; and so he might be as long as he was pleased; but he would seem to have had a quiet implacability that was offended on slight grounds and obdurate in displeasure. He quarrelled with his son on account of his politics; he received some slight from an official friend and repulsed all attempts at explanation, till a letter, written when Ward was seventy-two and his correspondent turned of seventy, produced a reconciliation, rather dry on his part. It would have been satisfactory to know that some relenting, some interest beyond a "suspicion" of the writer, had been shown on the receipt of the following manly letter, written after the publication of *De Vere*. After alluding to the internal traits by which he had identified the author, the anonymous correspondent continues:

It surprises me, I confess, that the feeling, judgment, and sagacity, which sufficed to produce the work that I have been commending, should have suffered the golden opinions of me, which you entertained, to be filched and adulterated by mere traducers, whose reports the hearer's own experience could have almost refuted, and whose testimony was so obviously liable to be warped by prejudice.

We live in a strange world. Before my feelings and dispositions had changed from wavering and transient, to permanent and fixed—before the desultory ramblings, which almost became our age, had terminated in a path, and that, I trust, a right and honorable one, and from which, with moderate allowance for human inferiority, I have not deviated since—before my principles had attained their vigor, and generated those correct habits which it was their province to produce—in short, while, like most young men, I might be said to have as yet "no character at all," I obtained your friendship. How I lost it, I have already told you. When, remains to tell you. I lost it when any fruits which my youth may have promised had appeared; lost it all at once, under circumstances scarcely more annoying to my feelings, than revolting to my sense of what was right and just.

I am not seeking to penetrate what is to me, indeed, no secret; neither do I form the unavailing wish that our expired intercourse should revive. C'en est fait. A knot which has been loosened or untied may be formed again, but this knot has been cut. Accordingly, I neither address you by your name nor subscribe my own. My hand-writing, though not disguised, is, like yourself, much changed; and, though this were not the case, you could not, after the lapse of so much time, have recognized it.

My regard you continue to possess, though I am not certain of your title to retain it. But you have, by means of your estrangement, sustained a loss. In ceasing to entertain a feeling of esteem and cordiality towards me, you have lost that which is a source of soothing gratification to the mind in which it is cherished, and which, I flatter myself, I as well deserved to have retained with regard to me as any other of your early friends, be that other who he may. Again; though you have not lost a friend, (for my sentiments towards you continue friendly,)

you have elected to lose the usual and not unpalatable fruits of friendship in my case; and this at a time of life (for we are much of the same age) when old friends can the less be spared, because new friendships are rarely formed.

When our earliest meetings and the commencements of a bygone friendship are called up before me by the letter which, I scarcely know why, I am writing, I feel myself softened as well as depressed by the recollection; and as I write farewell, it gives me pain to think that I might add to it the words—probably forever. God bless you!

There is nothing in Robert Ward's life or literary eminence to require or even justify so large a space as his nephew has bestowed upon it. Strictly speaking, indeed, the biography occupies but a small portion of these bulky volumes, which are chiefly filled with remains or correspondence; and much of that little is not distinguished for matter or character. The correspondence is indifferent. The latter portion of it is mainly devoted to literary criticism, or compliments, having for subject the author's works or those of his praisers; and is weak and flimsy to a degree. The earlier portion principally relates to politics, especially to the intrigues carried on by Canning and Malmesbury during the Addington ministry to procure Pitt's premature return to office. To this, Lord Mulgrave was judiciously opposed; and although there is nothing very new or particular in the account, and the letters are rather flat, it gives the Mulgrave version of the business. The most valuable part of the book, and which was, indeed, well worthy of separate publication, is a diary that Mr. Ward kept through a considerable portion of his official life, beginning in June, 1809, and continuing, with a short interruption, till the death of Perceval, when it ceased till 1819; after which it was maintained to a later period than Mr. Phipps thinks it proper to publish it. This diary consists of gossip, anecdote, on dits, and confidential communications made to Mr. Ward on various occasions and at critical times, together with his own observations and occasional reflections on affairs, or remarks on characters. As he was much in the confidence of Perceval, saw a good deal of the Duke of Wellington, (master-general of the ordnance during the era of the Manchester massacre and Sidmouth's spy doings,) and was continually behind the scenes, the diary is both curious and amusing. Allowance must of course be made for the writer's position as a partisan, and some of his later notions are those of the "laudator temporis acti," speaking without responsibility; but it is sufficiently interesting to raise a desire for the whole, published as a diary, and not mixed up with other matters to which it has small relation.

The diary begins with Canning's intrigue against Castlereagh; and Canning is occasionally brought forward in the earlier period, and painted with a good deal of shadow, (he was then in a sort of opposition to Perceval,) and altogether a very different personage from the Wentworth of *De Vre*. Lord Palmerston, then a "very fine

young man," and a promising candidate for place, with no other faults, in Mr. Ward's estimation, than what he has certainly got rid of long since—nervousness and modesty!—also figures in the pages, and at a critical conjuncture of his fortunes.

Lord Palmerston came to town, sent for by Perceval. He was so good as to confide to me that three things were offered to him—the chancellorship of the exchequer, secretaryship at war, or a seat at the treasury, by way of introduction to the seals, if he was afraid of entering upon them at once. These offers were, however, in the alternative of there being any of them declined by Milnes, (member for Pomfret,) to whom they were made in the first instance. Lord P. consulted me very frankly upon them, and asked if I thought he would be equal to the seals either in cabinet or Parliament, particularly the latter, where he had barely made his débüt. I told him, and was most sincere, that in common with all his friends whom I had ever heard speak on the subject, I thought him quite equal to them in point of capacity, but as to nerves in Parliament, (of which he seemed most to doubt,) nobody could judge but himself. He said, Petty (whom I had mentioned) had come forward after having felt his way and got possession of himself in the House, and that if he had done the same, he perhaps would not hesitate. As it was, he inclined to the second place, but had written to Lord Malmesbury. We walked up to Hyde Park discussing the subject. Among other topics which I urged, one seemed to impress him much; which was, the great difference there would be in his situation and pretensions upon a return to office, in the event of our going out, if he retired as a cabinet minister instead of a subordinate capacity. He allowed it much flattered his ambition, but feared the prejudice it would occasion to his own reputation and the interest of his friends if he failed. I left him inclining to the secretary at war; and admired his prudence, as I have long done the talents and excellent understanding, as well as the many other good qualities as well as accomplishments, of this very fine young man.

One portion of the diary relates to the Regency. New facts are scarcely advanced, but we think some freshness is given from the light and coloring of the author. Unless Sheridan really persuaded the prince to throw over the whigs, out of revenge for whig hauteur, his royal highness would seem to have acted entirely from himself. The arrogance of Grey and Grenville comes out very strongly in the painting of his opponent. After all, however, it is doubtful whether they *could* have come in. The tories would have been strong in opposition; the whigs could scarcely form a government without the Canning votes, and the hatred with which the old whigs regarded their leader rendered that junction impossible: what was more than all, their cowardly anti-national policy would have rendered their position one of great difficulty with the country. The fact is, that poor in point of talent as the Perceval ministry was, it best represented the opinion of the country; as the whigs now are in a similar position. Some of these points are well put in this report of a conversation in the House of Com-

mons; which will also give an idea of the manner of the diary.

J. W. Ward told me what he called a bon mot, and seemed much to enjoy, of Lady —'s. He had said there was difficulty in getting people to accept of offices just now: she answered, she thought Lord Grenville would not be unwilling to accept them *all* in his own person. O strange union, where this, by one of their party, is thought characteristic and told with glee! I understand, however, that Tierney has confessed there is a difficulty. The prince, it seems, wants them to accept, and they are afraid to accept. They are therefore reduced to tell the prince, We would accept if it were to do ourselves good; but not when it is inconvenient, though to do you good. The remarkable part of the evening was a conversation with Brand, who came over to sit by me. Though he had spoken, and strongly, against us in the debate, he opened immediately upon the merits of Perceval; he admired his conduct and ability so much, that if he had ever given him a vote in his life, he said, he would have supported him on these questions; that his character had enabled him to commence the stand he had made, and character had attached his party so much to him as to continue the majority all through; that this sentiment was not peculiar to him in the opposition, but partaken by many—indeed, all without exception admired him; that this would give him extraordinary influence as the head of an opposition, which must give great trouble to the new government when it was formed: nevertheless, he thought we were not going out, it was too dangerous to come in; probably, he added, laughing, the regent will keep Perceval three months as his father's minister, and then "fall so much in love with him" (that was the expression) that he will continue him as his own. He then entered much on the comparison between him and Canning; the latter of whom, he said, spite of his abilities, was discarded by all parties; that he could tell me it was finally resolved not to admit him in the new government, into which some on account of those abilities had wished to introduce him. I may say, he observed, that I had some share in the rejection: I protested against such a junction whenever it was talked of; I told my friends it would ruin that without which they never could make a government, character; that the eyes of a great number whom they could by no means command were upon them: I bade them look at the back rows on the side of opposition, and asked them if they could count such men as Nicholson, Calvert, Halsey, Coke of Norfolk, &c. &c., as their regular supporters, unless it was from an esteem for their character—and if that character would not sustain a deep wound in the outset—if, for the sake of power, they allied themselves with a man who had deserted all alliances he had ever made; that he had deserted them before, after a treaty made, and had then deserted Perceval, after endeavoring to undermine Castlereagh; his conduct to whom had injured himself with the public in the most serious manner, in having allowed him to retain his office and undertake that melancholy expedition, five months after he had declared him so incapable that he put his own resignation upon his dismissal; that to ally with such a man could be only lowering themselves in public esteem without gaining anything but a hollow support. I would inform Canning myself, he added, that this was my protest, if he asked me.

The heads of the "great whig families," however, were more sanguine, and hoped, or at least were occupied, to the last. Their treatment by the prince was characteristic; and one can fancy the magnates at Adam's announcement in the following extract.

What most offended them was the manner in which the prince announced his resolution. They were in the very act of forming the administration, filling offices, &c. &c., when Adam came in from the prince. They said they could not be disturbed; he said he must disturb them, for he had a message from the prince; they replied that it was for the prince they were at work, for they were making the government; Adam told them to spare all trouble, for no government was to be made. This was on Friday the 1st, in the evening; and what affronted them was, that after having had such a task committed to them the prince should have presumed to take a counter resolution by himself without first consulting them.

This is a characteristic trait of the Duke of Wellington's way of getting through business.

He was fond of relating, that soon after the duke's appointment, he was leaving his office at the usual hour, when, on coming out at the Park entrance, he perceived his new chief just in the act of getting on horseback. He went up to the duke, and mentioned that there were some matters connected with the department on which he would like to communicate with him when he had time. "No time like the present," said the duke, and at once dismissing his horse, returned with Mr. Ward into the ordnance office. There, then, he remained closeted with the duke till past eight, listening to and answering his pertinent queries upon manifold points connected with the department. From that moment the duke appeared to be au fait of the business in hand, and ready to cope with the details as they from time to time presented themselves.

The duke seems to have been more alarmed at the state of the nation about 1819 than the nature of the case justified; deceived, probably, by the official "reports" of Messrs. Castles and Co. The following remark, however, exhibits his penetration.

He said, if the rising broke out anywhere, it would be at Glasgow and Paisley; where many rich merchants and all they supported would be sure to suffer, while no one could certainly foretell how soon it might be put down. This led him to his favorite notion, that the loyal should be taught to rely more upon themselves, and less upon the government, in their own defence against the disloyal. It was this, he thought, that formed and kept up a national character: while every one was accustomed to rely upon the government, upon a sort of commutation for what they paid to it, personal energy went to sleep, and the end was lost; that in England, he observed, every man who had the commonest independence, one, two, five, or six hundred, or a thousand a year, had his own little plan of comfort—his favorite personal pursuit, whether his library, his garden, his hunting, or his farm, which he was unwilling to allow anything (even his own defence) to disturb; he therefore deceived himself into a notion that if there was a storm it would not reach him, and went on his own train

till it was actually broke in upon by force. This led to supineness and apathy as to public exertion ; which would in the end ruin us : the disposition, therefore, must be changed, by forcing them to exert themselves ; which would not be if government did everything in civil war, they nothing : hence his wish for a volunteer force. All this was exceedingly sound, and showed the reach of his reflecting mind as an observer of human nature, as well as a statesman and soldier, more than anything I have yet seen.

There is a curious passage touching Pitt's dying moments.

At the time Mr. Ward accepted the post of under-secretary of state, (resigning that of Welsh judge,) it had been promised him that the apparent risk of such a step to the future prospects of his family should be guarded against by the grant of a pension, to commence when he should cease to hold office. He had been but a year in the post thus accepted, and amid the pressure of other matters the contemplated arrangement had never been completed. More than once in his last illness did Pitt allude to his unfulfilled promise, and speak with kindness of him to whom it had been made. Later on, when he could no longer continuously articulate, he made the name "Robert Ward" audible, and added signs for paper and ink. His trembling hand having feebly traced a number of wandering characters, and added what could be easily recognized as his well-known signature, he sank back. The precious paper (precious, whatever may have been its unknown import, as a proof of remembrance at so solemn a moment) was afterwards handed over by the physician in attendance, Sir Walter Farquhar, to Mr. Ward ; and many a time did he declare, as he displayed it to me, that he would give anything he valued most in the world to be able to decipher its unformed characters.

Some posthumous compositions of Mr. Ward are appended to the Memoirs. They consist of "characters," similar to those of Chesterfield and other writers, and of "sketches" and essays ; these last being set in a species of framework, intended to connect them into a series. They are not the best specimens of the author's composition ; and perhaps were hardly worth publication. Allowance is to be made, as Mr. Phipps remarks, for their unrevised state ; and revision might have removed crudities and imparted more closeness and strength. It would not, however, have altered their main defects ; which may be summed up by saying that they belong to another age, without reaching the peculiar force and finish which alone can give interest to an obsolete mode.

Extract from a Review in the Spectator.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S ELDORADO—CALIFORNIA.*

MR. TAYLOR is known to the British public as an American littérateur, who, before he was out

* Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire ; comprising a Visit to California via Panama ; Life in San Francisco and Monterey ; Pictures of the Gold Region, and Experiences of Mexican Travel. By Bayard Taylor, Author of "Views Afoot," "Rhymes of Travel," &c. With Illustrations by the Author. In two volumes. Published by Bentley.

of his time as a printer, made an arrangement to cancel his indentures, published some poetry by subscription to raise the wind for a trip to Europe, and with what he netted from that source, with a sort of engagement as foreign correspondent, made the European grand tour, including Ireland, at a cost of five hundred dollars for two years' journeying on foot. On his return to America he continued his literary labors, and published more verses, which we thought flimsy though fluent. In June, 1849, he started for California, via the Isthmus, as correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, in which journal a portion of these volumes appeared ; the remainder, referring to the journey to and fro, is published for the first time.

The letters are better worth collected publication than most communications from newspaper correspondents that we have seen. Mr. Taylor has the national faults of dogmatism, superficiality, and wordiness ; but he is a man of remarkable energy and endurance, with a mind somewhat raised above the prejudices of his countrymen by the experience of foreign travel. The hardships he underwent in his European journey had qualified him for California, with this further advantage, that in the wilds and the mountains there were no distasteful contrasts : it was not poverty but necessity that induced privation, to which all had alike to submit. The value of the book, however, consists in its subject. Mr. Taylor's descriptions of tropical scenery, and his various opinions and feelings—in short, all that depends upon himself—might have been readily dispensed with ; but he saw California at a feverish stage of its progress, when streets of canvass sprung up as if by magic in a single night, towns of wood arose in no time, a city quadrupled or quintupled its population in a few months, and all mankind were in a whirl of speculation. Ruin was unknown in California while health lasted : the Sybarite who had spent his all in riotous living, or the fool who had gambled away his hard earnings at the gaming-table—there are "tables" at all "the diggings"—had nothing to do but to turn to and retrieve his prospects by hard work. There is, indeed, another compartment of the picture, in which ill-luck, broken health, or a lonely death, is dimly visible ; but men are too busy in California to think of these things.

PERIODICAL EMIGRATIONS.—The speculative politician who at the meeting of the Long Parliament recommended for their adoption the laws of the ideal kingdom of Macaria, as a panacea for the disturbances of the state, mentions, among other institutions, "a law for new plantations, that every year a certain number shall be sent out, strongly fortified, and provided for at the public charge, till such time as they may subsist by their own endeavors." And this number is set down by the council for new plantations, wherein they take diligent notice of the surplusage of people that may be spared.—*Harleian Miscellany*, (8vo. edit.) vol. 6, p. 382.

From the Spectator, of 6th July.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

In our last number we had to report Sir Robert Peel as bearing the most important part in the most important debate of the session; one short week is over, and we have to report him dead!—killed by a sudden accident, in the midst of his political activity, like Huskisson. On Saturday afternoon, Sir Robert Peel was riding, for exercise, up Constitution Hill; suddenly his horse swerved; the rider fell headlong; and when he was raised from the ground, insensible, by persons who ran to his assistance, his face had undergone such a change as to be hardly recognized. He was carried home, to baffle all the resources of medical skill, and to endure three days of agony, until death released him, on Tuesday night.

The suddenness, the shock, the deep sense of privation, struck with violence on the feelings of all—his family, his attached friends, the town, the whole country. The legislature is dismayed at the sudden evulsion of its most powerful statesman. Privilege of Parliament was no bar to the summons of a messenger more peremptory than the Usher of the Black Rod. Coupled with the last appearance of the great statesman in the House of Commons, the rebuke of fate to the pettiness of party should tell deeply. To the last, factious rancors had aimed their unavailing shafts at one who had risen above retaliation. Dreading some turn in his convictions unfavorable to the party over whom he had often thrown the eleemosynary regis of his protection, an eager and hard-mouthed ministerial advocate had been set on to drive him from the dreaded spot with the bark of calumnious insinuation; and ministers themselves did not blush to abet the assailant of the man whose aid had been the frequent proof of his disinterested independence: nay, the official leader but faintly corrected Mr. Cockburn's sweeping charges of conspiracy even *after* Sir Robert Peel had called to mind his long and not ostentatious support of ministers—and *they* knew how effective that support had been, how little understood in its full extent by the public that was to read the graceless inculpation. His very last speech, adverse as it was, evinced the same spirit of forbearance. On the specific question—the dangerous character of Lord Palmerston's policy—Sir Robert Peel's antecedents and his unaltered conclusions *forced* him to pronounce a judgment against the government. Indeed, had the approval of Lord Palmerston been possible in itself, it was presented in the impossible shape of an implied censure on Sir Robert's steadfast companion, Lord Aberdeen. But, with the irresistible and temperately stated reasons of his adverse decision, with his own steady support of ministers on other grounds, Sir Robert recalled the reasons that he had for approving of their general policy. He spoke with the most evident reluctance; the censure was manifestly extorted from him; and the effect of his speech was rather to *discourage*

than to invite followers from his side who might not be under the moral compulsion to which he submitted. The force of this manner may perhaps be described in the ministerial votes of some staunch but liberal members of the Peel party. For the support which he gave from the impulse of a generous sagacity and the sense of public duty, little gratitude was felt by a feeble party absorbed in the pettier instinct of self-preservation; and, by a singular misery in their fate, the contrast was exhibited at the latest meeting, when the Commons took an unconscious farewell of their great chief.

Formal eulogistic speeches have been delivered in Parliament, with many traits, on all sides, of the feeling natural to the occasion. The active statesman being gone, the object of party detraction had ceased; and those motives forgotten, nothing remained to say of him but good. Lord John Russell has intimated that the crown and cabinet would gladly coöperate with the friends of Sir Robert Peel in affording an opportunity to the public of testifying its respect by a public funeral; but Mr. Goulburn, as executor to Sir Robert, adduced a wish expressed by the testator to be buried beside his father and mother at the parish-church of Drayton Bassett.

The sudden removal of Peel is an element of party calculations which had not been taken into account, and the first consequence is undisguised confusion. The indiscipline which attends the decline of a ministry, like the insubordination on the retreat of an army, had already set in; but the event brings it to a crisis. The great support and shield of ministers is gone, and they must do the best they can without him—they who already foretasted the bitterness of political death. Peel was the great moderator of parties: although his policy had divided his own retinue into the two sections of progressive conservatives and stationary Tories, the force of his character retained no small influence over both sections, and kept them from extremes. Ministers avowedly deferred to him, and the radicals also. The weight of his moderation overlaid party strife, and deadened its struggles. It is removed, and already men are looking forward to a renewal of hot contest—preparing for it. The two sections of the old conservative party will probably reunite. The claims of faction are asserted with equal vehemence by the ministerial journal which hands over too conscientious liberal members to the wrath of partisan constituents, and by the oppositionist which pillories the names of conservatives who voted with ministers, and holds them up to the castigation of the *Carlton Club*!—borrowing a hint from the club tyranny of the Paris revolutionists. It is true that as yet neither side appears to have determined upon a real or intelligible *casus belli*; both agree to take the contest on a false issue: the Tories hoist the banner of protection, in which their own leaders have lost faith as a standard of the future; and the Liberals affect a necessity for defending free trade against “re-

action," which they make their battle-cry—believing it all the time about as idle a dream as the restoration of the Stuarts. But when war is to be, a pretext is easily found; and perhaps one may turn up with more verisimilitude. Meanwhile the Tories are bent on reorganization, which would restore to them the most efficient leaders in the House of Commons; and the question of specific purpose is postponed. When Peel undertook the task of reorganizing after the Reform Bill rout, it was with more scientific skill: he saw that he must begin by laying down a purpose suited to the day, and he selected liberal conservatism; he reorganized party as the instrument of purpose: the Tories are reorganizing party for party alone. Yet the ministers read their own fate in the revived process; and in the very heat of the Palmerston debate they suffered their worst fear to come out—the reünion of the divided conservative party under the lead of Mr. Gladstone. The abrupt removal of Peel extinguishes the great impediment to that reünion and to the renewal of party conflict. Farewell, then, to the truce of parties and legislative tranquillity.

From the Spectator, of 6 July.

THE PUBLIC LOSS.

THE death of Peel, snatched from us while yet another cycle of his great career seemed to remain to him, is felt to be more than a common lesson on the mutability of human affairs. All men die, and may die suddenly; great statesmen must yield to the common fate; and there was nothing in Peel to exempt him from the casualties that may occur to any horseman. But we measure our surprise by the weight of the calamity as well as the unexpectedness or suddenness—by the value of the thing lost. Peel was familiar to our thoughts as the leading mind, self-developed, in the political history of our time; identified with the growth of the nation. He was in himself an institution; and when he is suddenly removed, people are conscious of a bereavement so severe, that at the first shock they rush to the extreme of helpless astonishment and ask how affairs are to get on without him?

The great statesman, towering in his pride of place, is suddenly struck down, and from a creature of power becomes a suffering object of sympathy. For the man himself we feel regret at his being thus cut off with unfilled years, as we might with a younger man. Yet from regretting the loss, we may turn to what he has gained as a matter of personal history. If his life has been shorter than the full measure, in its curtailed span has been crowded an amount of enjoyment such as few lives contain. Born to wealth, his natural faculties, his attainments, and his connexion, gave him the command of power. He has run a career of manifold success—success repeated on many fields. Even his temporary failures became the lessons to teach him new successes. He was ambitious, and

the house which his father founded he has allied to the nobility, to the land, and to the history of his country. In politics he had created parties and destroyed them; he had stamped his name on two great changes in the march of improvement; he was elevated above place, to be acknowledged as the great councillor of the crown, of statesmen, and of the nation. No further honors remained for him, except the common adjunct of titles, vain as an ornament of his renown, and burdened with the condition of removal from his congenial and favorite arena. Slow in the development of his character and faculties, he had been much underrated and misconceived in the earlier stages and even in the middle of his political life; latterly the public felt that an injustice had been done to him, and there was an increasing desire to repair the wrong: mistrust, if not dislike, was replaced by confidence and esteem.

If we may pass from so grave and great a theme to a point concerning our own estimate of him, we are entitled to remind our readers that this journal was among the first to recognize, at a time when it was of great importance to ascertain, the true character and dispositions of the man; and the sequel amply rewarded the opprobrium which we then incurred for being in advance of the party called "liberal." Although not the slightest communication ever passed between the departed statesman or his friends and this journal, the *Spectator* was accused of being "Peel's organ;" the insight into his policy, which we derived from nothing more than a critical scrutiny of his public conduct, was ascribed to direct information. About a year later, we had the satisfaction of seeing one of our most heated assailants condescend to write in such a manner that the composition read like a rewriting of our own, so long impugned. Thenceforward the popular estimation of Peel rapidly became more true to the fact.

Some years before his death, he enjoyed a degree of public esteem attained by very few men in their lifetime; at the last he was confessedly the man of his day, possessing the implicit confidence of the nation. This must have been very dear to such a mind as Peel's. What more could he desire?—only to see his seed rising to continue his history in a living succession; and of that sequel the best promise had already gladdened his eyes. His career was full. Wealth, honors, the appliances of art, the suffrage of the nation, the very course of events acknowledging his master-hand, had done him homage; an unretarded death has saved him from the downward close, and, without the melancholy tribute wrung from declining powers to the despotism of time—at the very climax of his glory—he is translated to immortality.

But perhaps, if Peel has not lost another volume of recorded honors, the nation has lost another stage of public service from the best of its servants. This is uncertain. Probably he had done all that was in him, while the effects of his labor remain to us. The earliest of his great

measures, the restoration of the currency, is unimpeached. Law reform, of which he set so beneficial an example, has been taken up by men more technically qualified, under the advantage of a favoring public opinion, which Peel has helped to establish beyond power of reaction. He not only adopted Catholic Emancipation, but has since had time to attest his sincerity in that hasty conversion, and to teach the true spirit in which that and cognate measures should be carried out. He constructed a party for the special purpose of teaching the "conservative" genius of English statesmanship how to reconcile itself to advancing opinions—how to consult the wishes of the people generously, how to combine the growth of the nation with the maintenance of its institutions, how to forfend the encroachments of democracy by anticipating its just and inevitable wants; and that policy is now stamped upon the statesmanship of the country. In his last speech, delivered on the very morning of his fatal accident, he applauded the whig premier, who had ousted him from office, for having pursued at home a "liberal and conservative policy"—precisely the key to his own conduct. He had given to the matured convictions of political economy the effect of law. In all these branches of statesmanship Sir Robert Peel had been enabled to complete the task which he set himself; so far as he was concerned, his work was thoroughly done, nothing left imperfect.

But the slowness of his intellectual movements, his method of proceeding only upon actual and matured facts, his patiently constructive modes, demanded for each great process perseverance, time, and unceasing physical exertion. It is very doubtful whether a complete cycle remained to him, even if he had lived the full complement of human years. The public had perceived no signs of decay; but he himself had avowed a consciousness of declining strength, not only by his words but also by his conduct. What if in his feebler years he had made mistakes? The doubt is not idle. A mistake in Peel would have thrown discredit upon past work—might even have loosened what no smaller hand can shake. From that fatal chance the country is saved. There is an integrity and roundness, a *netteté* about the work done, as Peel leaves it, which forbids tampering. It is in the best state for being carried on from the point at which it stands—from a fresh point of departure. New and difficult questions remain behind, needing longer years and perhaps convictions less preoccupied; tasks which it was too late for him to learn, though he has admirably prepared the way for them. Peel's death has released the country from the clog of doubts which might have beset his declining faculties, and it inherits the full influence impressed upon its councils by his unabated intelligence.

Among modern statesmen his career is singular for the completeness of the political change in himself. It may teach those who desire to emulate him, that it is never too late to learn; that *courage is safe*, and that the candor which revises the

convictions of youth and dictates an altered course will survive the hasty misconstruction of the day if it be steadfast in its purpose; that a public policy suggested by close observation, based upon facts, and supported by the sanction of the nation, is irresistible. Slowly developing himself as events were slowly developed, Peel was in the public view successively a mere official wedded to the bureaucracy, a mere tory, a time-server and renegade, a practical politician justly interpreting the signs of his day, a powerful master of statesmanship, and a great patriot devoted to the service of his country, insomuch that he and he alone possessed her perfect confidence. Courage, strength, patience, perseverance, faith in facts, and honest heart, were needed to fill up that career. It was filled. Those who had wrongly described the slowly-expanding bud knew the truth when the flower was fully opened to their view and they could see within. Unaided by the lighter arts of courting popularity face to face with the multitude, Peel won the esteem of the people, by serving it through good and evil report; and when he is removed, the sorrow struck upon the whole heart of the country makes it first know the extent to which esteem had ripened into friendship.

From the Spectator, 29 June.

SUM OF THE PALMERSTON DEBATE.

Is it desirable to have such a foreign policy as Lord Palmerston's? Is it desirable to have such a ministry as that of which Lord Palmerston is an essential part? Such are the issues upon which ministers and their friends insist upon taking the decision of the House of Commons, in lieu of the specific question adjudicated by the House of Lords. The object is both to obscure the Greek affair, and obscuring to aggrandize it, in a vast mist of words; and then to take the verdict on the general plea of *character*.

Now what is our foreign policy? As set forth in the ministerial case, it is a defending of British subjects universally; in "constitutional" countries according to the laws of those countries, in despotic countries *against* the laws, if those laws transgress constitutional ideas of individual liberty; a teaching of nations that this country is friendly to endeavors at self-government; and the maintenance of peace. Such is the description of Lord Palmerston's policy by himself and friends; but if we test the profession by its results, we are startled to find England everywhere accused of first fomenting revolution, and then betraying the popular party; producing distrust and irritation in all countries; and in all quarters dabbling in war.

Let us study Lord Palmerston's policy in himself, to catch, if not its principles, which elude analysis, or its results, which elude classification, at least its spirit. And here we have the clue to it. It is an adroit combination of many-faced plausibilities. Two samples will serve to illustrate this position.

His most masterly and elaborate oration is disguised in a manner so colloquial and easy, that the smiling listener is won to delusion; and when sufficiently soaked with the Circean poison, he admits Lord Palmerston's sounding professions as facts indisputable. Listen to the viscount's virtuous refusal to limit his own responsibility according to the diplomatic canon conveyed in the peer's resolution, and you go heartily with him. But what if the peers have put forth *no* such canon? Such is the fact. Lord Palmerston, inspirer of journals, President, and Roebuck, revives the exploded argument, that the resolution of the Lords cannot be observed, because it asserts that English subjects can only be referred for defence to the tribunals of a country in which they reside. But the Lords say no such thing. They *admit* that it is the duty of an English minister to do as much—they do not assert that it is never his duty to do more; they do not raise that question at all. They admit that Lord Palmerston was bound to do what he *professed* to do in Greece; they condemn what he really did; and then he professes to seek to have a parliamentary reversal of this edict, because he is not to be debarred from performing an ulterior duty which has not been called in question. To this juggling plea he adheres with pertinacity; it furnishes the key to his whole speech—large, generous professions applied in a quibbling manner—truth lending its ray to falsehood.

The other instance is not less edifying. His friends boast for him, that when Russia was pursuing the Hungarian refugees into Turkey, Lord Palmerston sent the English fleet to the Dardanelles, and said, "You sha'n't do it!" and then the House of Commons rings again at that "British" sentiment. But when Russia asked for an explanation, Admiral Parker said that he was driven in "by stress of weather." This seems a disgraceful duplicity, combining the bully before one's friends with the craven before one's enemy. Lord Palmerston undertakes to explain it. There was, he says, no defiance of Russia, only the fleet was sent to the Dardanelles, to assure Turkey of protection in case she were attacked; the entrance into the Dardanelles is forbidden by treaty, and when the fleet entered a bay within the bounds, to avoid threatening weather, the explanation given to Russia became both a due to that power, and a correct explanation. Thus, on the facts, both statements are true, and Lord Palmerston's friends applaud enthusiastically. It has been one of his happiest dodges. But do not let us be deluded by his astute frankness. The discrepancy lies not in the facts, but in the oral interpretation of them. He makes a boast to the friends behind, that he is going to the Dardanelles to tell Russia "You sha'n't do it;" but when he comes to the spot, he adroitly puts himself in the wrong, and when Russia demands to know what brings him there, he does not keep up the loud "You sha'n't do it," but meekly explains that he only wanted to stand out of the

rain. His position between Britain and Russia was precisely that of Tony Lumpkin between his mother and his stepfather, whom he makes pass for a highwayman: Tony pretends that he is going to talk off the dreadful bravo, and, walking up to old Hardcastle, enters into a friendly chat, while his terrified mother is in a pious paroxysm of anxiety for him, of admiration at his devotion, his coolness, and his success. So Lord Palmerston's very acts are *acting*, his words are prevarication.

Another point made by Lord Palmerston told very well at the time, but on scrutiny looks as suspicious as any of the rest. In the note of reconciliation with Spain, he added the remark, that if Sir Henry Bulwer had not been in America, he should have been appointed to the Spanish embassy; thus, apparently, pointing reconciliation with insult. Lord Palmerston now explained that the notes, both on the English and Spanish side, were mutually agreed upon before they were forwarded. No doubt, Lord Palmerston, we have said, is diligent in preparing his own events. But he does not tell us whether or not this particular passage was not forced upon the Spanish negotiator as a disagreeable condition; whether it did or did not take much trouble in cramming it down the throat of Spanish pride. How did the Spaniard *look* when he read it?—In no blue book has Lord Palmerston published that countenance.

Now this seems to be the spirit of his foreign policy—to get up a double aspect for everything—to ride doubly-allied between two armies, until one grows strong with victory. Pirates pursue the same policy when they carry two flags, and are English or Russian with the change of bunting. Professions of liberalism, not committed to irretrievable acts, the whole covered with a pleasant plausibility—that is the description of Lord Palmerston's foreign policy as expounded by himself. Is it a desirable foreign policy for powerful, practical, plain-spoken England? We need not answer the question.

Issue the second—Is it desirable for this country to have a ministry of which pleasant, plausible Palmerston is an essential? For the country, it seems, is so weak that it cannot do without him, though he must sit in the same cabinet with his censor—like the simple goose riding in the same boat with the dreadful gray fox. What is the practical *use* of having such a cabinet? Its use is, to keep up an authoritative string of liberal professions—the performance of said liberalism daily becoming more and more of a form, like the coronation challenge of the champion. Lord Palmerston "teaches" the cabinet how to speak frankly and fluently without erring into pledges; he teaches them how to set fact against fact in such a way that they shall have evidence to prove *both* sides of a question—how to make shields of gold and silver so that they may stand by either metal; and when at last they are in a scrape he teaches them how to confute an accusation by proving some merit on other grounds—a sort of Irish alibi, proving that they did n't steal O'Brady's

cow in Belfast on Monday, because they were at Newtownlimavady on Thursday; and that they did not give up M'Bride to the peep o' day boys, because they bravely defended O'Shaughnessy from the Peelers. "And isn't it all true!" Sure enough, it is all true; the liberals cheer lustily; the more enthusiastic of them present Lady Palmerston a full-length of her lord to hang round her neck; and they "rush to the poll" that they may vote confidence in Lord Palmerston's ministry. So we keep in the shop-window the great mouthpieces of "reform," content to do without any new measures in our stock. *That* is the use of the Palmerston-Russell cabinet.

This is precisely the conviction reïmpressed on the public mind by the joint display of Lords and Commons. Hitherto the question, however, has been merged in another—*What* ministry is there to take its place? But *now* the question is, whether the ministry is growing not merely useless but insufferable, for its small mischievousness, its detrimental character, and its discreditable aspect before the world at home and abroad? It has long held office on sufferance, "until its successors should be appointed;" it will henceforward hold office until the measure of public vexation shall be full—until the primary question shall become, not whether a better ministry can succeed it, but whether this is any longer endurable, whatever may happen beyond? As we expected, the evasion of the Lords' judgment has not helped to mitigate the downward influence of the demonstration in the Commons.

From the Examiner, 29 June.

THE PROPOSED REVOLUTION IN OUR FOREIGN POLICY.

HUMAN ingenuity or political antagonism could not have invented a more fatal, a more suicidal blow to English influence in Europe, than that which has been stricken in the House of Lords, provided the House of Commons shall not in a very decided way have reversed the tenor and consequences of that vote.

Bad results to the liberties and the liberal cause in Europe would have followed the triumph of a tory over a whig ministry on a question of domestic policy. But in that case, Lord Aberdeen, or his *alter ego*, would have been at liberty at least to exert himself for the independence of the minor and liberal European states. But to have a whig or a tory minister of foreign affairs succeeding to power under the influence of a vote which practically declares that all the leanings to liberalism and constitutional government which were shown in 1848 and 1849 were wrong—this alters the position of England altogether, and puts it out of the power of its minister to offer either advice or remonstrance. One of the great aims of the plot concocted against Lord Palmerston, or of the French portion of the conspirators, is certainly the reëstablishment of the ancient Bourbon regime. Now, even supposing such a reëstab-

lishment, the advice and the weight of England might yet have been employed to temper reaction. But after the expected vote of Parliament, would such advice be for a moment listened to? One of the consequences of a Bourbon restoration in France must be a legitimist restoration in Spain. Spain and France are at present independent of each other; but there would then occur, what Lord Palmerston deprecated in his speech, a state of things in which our becoming enemies of France would imply and necessitate our at the same time becoming enemies of Spain. And what could Lord Aberdeen in consistency do to prevent this?

It is the hope of some very foolish politicians that the state of Europe can be put back to what it was in 1846. Now that is impossible. The effect of what has happened since has been to destroy all the power of minor states. Those of Germany will certainly be absorbed, as they already are virtually. The states of Wurtemberg, Bavaria, Baden, the Hesses, Hanover, and Saxony, were independent before 1846—politically they exist no longer; they are either Prussian or Austrian. Before that period Italian states had a kind of independence; Rome was anti-Austrian; Tuscany persisted in liberal administration. Now, all are Austrian; and Piedmont, which had won the form and the blessings of a constitutional and a lay government, awaits but the tidings of Lord Palmerston's downfall, to reënter that tomb of despotism and priest-rule from which it so recently and so gallantly emerged.

To whom would all these events cause delight? To what party would they give power? To extreme parties; to the despots, and to the republicans, who on each side would not have a thought or a nerve to spare for the exclusive task of contending with and conquering each other. What should have been England's natural position between two such phrenzied parties? That of a respected neutral; liberal enough to command the respect of the middle classes, conservative enough to be trusted and consulted by governments in distress. That is the position we now hold. That is the position from which the vote of the House of Lords disturbs us. And the position we are desired to take up is to side and sympathize with despotism, giving up all care for the independence, and all anxiety for the growing liberties of Europe.

In Spain and Portugal, in Italy, in Greece, in the Levant, the vote of the Lords goes forth, announcing that we abandon the side of liberalism and of nationality. There are unfortunately few changes to be made in the actual administrations of Italy or Greece. But the constitutional party in those countries will die, and the party of revolution alone survive. As to Turkey, Reschid Pacha will be kicked out within a month, and the sooner we recall a useless ambassador the better. As to British subjects in foreign lands, if any there are bold enough to tarry there, we should strongly recommend them to hold their tongues, and to

adopt eastern habits of servility and humiliation. For, decidedly, if they offend a foreign government they can no longer look for redress. The House of Lords forbids it. The flag of England may hereafter flutter in despotic countries and under despotic tolerance; but English feelings or English ideas that flag will no longer either respect or protect.

Supposing that all Europe unites beneath the sword of military tyranny, it is well. But should any country stand firm, what result then awaits us, traitors as we shall be to the liberal and constitutional cause, but war! War without end; and a war, too, in which the feelings of our middle and liberal and popular class will implicitly sympathize with the enemy! How, too, will the complete revolution in the spirit of our domestic and foreign policy place us with respect to America! For by it we come into complete antagonism with our brethren of the United States. The people and government of America will, if we mistake not, take up that great liberal position, the foremost place in defence of civilization, which we have abandoned. The passions of our aristocracy will be roused against them; and here is the germ of another war, in which our middle and liberal classes will also sympathize with the foe.

Whichever way we look, on whichever side we contemplate the results of such a change as the confirmation of the vote of the Lords would occasion, we see the most imminent danger to peace, to honor, and to the best interests of England.

A NOBLEMAN SLANDERED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

SIR,—In the *Examiner* of May 11, I find a quotation from a Scotch newspaper, reflecting most strongly and most odiously on a noble marquis. The Marquis of Ailsa is there accused of such an atrocious action as would, if proved against him, cause him to be driven forth not only from all educated and civilized society, but beyond the pale of humanity. Certain I am that the most noble marquis can never have heard the report so widely circulated; for what enemy would be so rash, or what friend so indelicate, as to mention it in his presence! Meantime he sits calmly and unsuspectingly in the sunshine, while the tainted gale of obloquy passes by him, without a thought that his name is perishing by the pollution. It is time, however, that his friends, and indeed all the friends of Scotland and of truth, should rouse themselves in his lordship's vindication. For if it were possible that such an act of baseness and inhumanity could be brought home to any nobleman or gentleman of the land, it would not only cast a mildew over all the rising branches of the family, but would deter the sounder of tradespeople, and even of peasantry, from a connection with it. Permit me to transcribe the case, as reported in the *Perthshire Advertiser*.

"The 'Scotch Reformers' Gazette' has a strongly indignant article against the Marquis of Ailsa. It is stated that a man at Mabolle had a pet deer which was known to all the people of that place. The man was sitting by the roadside with his tame favorite near him, when the marquis was passing in his carriage on his way to the Kilmarnock stee-

ple-chase. The marquis ordered his coachman to stop and demand of the man whence he had that deer. The man replied that it was his own and a pet deer. The marquis ordered the coachman immediately to throw the deer over, which was done, and the marquis, descending from his carriage, knelt on the creature and stabbed it in the throat. He and the driver took up the deer and carried it to the toll-house, which was at hand, telling the gate-keeper to retain it till he sent for it. Shortly afterwards the marquis met a police-officer and ordered him to go and take the man's name. When the officer went to the toll-house he knew the deer, which was found to be still alive. It got up and ran bleeding to its former house, which was not more than one hundred yards distant. The officer followed it and gave it water to drink, but the liquid ran out of the hole the marquis had made in its throat. The police-officer declared that it would be humane to kill the poor animal at once, but the owner declared that he could not take the life of his pet and associate. The officer then killed it and took it back to the toll-house, where it was kept in obedience to the orders of the noble marquis, who, however, did not send for it, and at the end of seven days it was taken by the toll-keeper and thrown over a hedge into a ditch. The game-keeper of the marquis had, meanwhile, sent the owner word that he might take the deer from the toll-house and eat it. The poor man, however, declared that he could not eat his favorite."

The repetition of this quotation is necessary and indispensable, for without it neither truth can be elicited nor calumny suppressed. Rude nations, where pity and mercy were little known, have risen up unanimously against the powerful and warlike for similar injuries. Well known to every schoolboy is the Virgilian story of Silvia's pet fawn; and fiercely was its death avenged on its less culpable slayer. Yet never had it beguiled the anxieties and penury of a weary master; never had it followed him into the public road, harmless, heedless, innocent, confiding; never had it partaken or needed the wayfarer's morsel, begged at the last hospitable door. Enough, to see that it was caressing a kind master, and a kind master was caressing it. Now is there any man in England or in Scotland so credulous and malicious, as to believe, or pretend a belief, that "the Marquis of Ailsa descended from his carriage, knelt on the creature, and stabbed it in the throat?" There is not an inmate, I think, of any of our jails capable of such cold-blooded, unprovoked atrocity. If the story is founded, as most stories are, on fact, certain it is that no educated man, however cruel his disposition, could have perpetrated the crime. Government should offer a reward for the detection and apprehension of the offender. He should be brought before a criminal court. Damages in money are only licenses for guilt, and on the country where they are tolerated the rays of justice fall feebly and obliquely. If the action were really committed, if any person in the garb of a gentleman descended from his carriage to stab an unoffending animal, another's property, in the queen's high-road, surely the laws of Scotland will visit it as a gross misdemeanor. Surely the nobility and gentry of that country will press forward to rescue one of themselves from ignominy and disgrace. Probably the noble marquis will never hear the accusation: if ever he should, and should discover the impostor who assumed his character and title, he will prosecute him, no doubt, with the utmost rigor of the

law. Every gentleman of the United Kingdom is interested in the prosecution of the offender; and on no occasion could a testimonial to the worth of the noble marquis be so appropriately offered as on the present. Subscriptions should be published immediately to reward whosoever apprehends the perpetrator. Foremost on the list, will, of course, be the most noble the Marquis of Ailsa's name; under it, at due distance, admit, sir, the humble and obscure one of WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.—May 25.

MRS. WRIGHT'S CONVERSATION WITH HER
IRISH ACQUAINTANCE.

SCENE: A SMALL STUDY IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—A
GLASS DOOR OPENING INTO THE GARDEN.

Mrs. Wright and Judy.

Mrs. Wright. Come in. Oh, Judy, is it you? Come in and sit down, and tell me what you want with me.

Judy, (seating herself at once.) Bedad, my lady, I'm after comin' here a power o' times strivin' to spake to yer ladyship, an' niver could I git so much as a sight o' ye.

Mrs. W. I am always in this room after breakfast, waiting to see any one who may happen to have business with me. I sit here regularly from ten to eleven o'clock, and I certainly never saw you at the glass door till this morning.

Judy. Oh, my lady; sure I did n't suppose you would use me like the common sort—me that was rared decent, an' did n't mane to trouble you, but jist to ask a question, an' no more about it.

Mrs. W. It is not out of any disrespect to you, Judy, that I was not able to see you at another hour—

Judy, (rising, and making a curtsy.) I am obliged to ye, my lady.

Mrs. W. But as I have a good deal to do, I am not certain of being found at home or at leisure at any hour of the day; so, for the convenience of both parties, I thought it best to fix an hour when you would all be sure to see me.

Judy. That makes a differ certently. Well, I suppose as I am here, I may as well spake what I have to say, if it's not ilconvenient!

Mrs. W. Not at all; speak out at once. What can I do for you?

Judy, (sighing.) Times is very hard, my lady.

Mrs. W. We require to exert ourselves to get on in them certainly.

Judy. An' I'm willin' to do it—proud an' willin' to do it; and that brought me to yer ladyship, to see if there was e'er a little situation about yerself or the young ladies—may the Lord keep them an' you in health an' happiness!—that would shuit me, an' bring in a little armin'; for I declare to God I'm a'most naked. It's a borrowt cloak an' a borrowt coat that's on me this blessed day, and my mother's apron—God bless her!—an' so many of us boys an' girls strivin' to keep the bit an' the sup amongst them, that I may say she's a'most broke with it.

Mrs. W. I am really glad to find, Judy, that you have the courage to begin to earn your own livelihood; and if I can in any way help you to it, you may depend on my most ready assistance. What would you wish to do? What do you feel yourself more particularly fit for?

Judy. Anythin' at all, my lady. I am jist fit for any situation at all that's not anyway onrasonable;

for I 'in wake in myself, my lady, an' rared in dacency, an' could take the care of childer, or wait on young ladies, or the like of them sort of respectable attindencies.

Mrs. W. The care of children! You would not find that a situation suited to weakly health. There is almost no place requiring more strength of body or more evenness of temper.

Judy. Timper, my lady! Thank God there's none can fault my timper. It's too quiet I am, an' let's the people impose on me, I do, with my quietness of timper. An' for stringth—glory be to God!—I'm strong an' able, as the neighbors can testify: an' far more than that, if I had it to do; an' that's all that's in it for strongness anyway.

Mrs. W. You don't quite understand me, Judy.

Judy. Beggin' yer pardon, my lady, I do; an' more. An' for caryin' childer, walkin' out with them, an' kapin them elane, and hushaby the baby, an' all the contrariness of them—swate innercent creatures!—I'll go bail there's ne'er a girl in Ireland better shuited to the work than meself, though I say it.

Mrs. W., (smiling.) Still, Judy, more may be required of you in this line, in a really respectable family, than you are at all aware of; and—

Judy. Respectable! Sure it's into no other I would go by any manes, nor would yer ladyship wish me.

Mrs. W. Surely not; but as the duties of a nurse or nursemaid have altered very much of late years, and as perhaps some other department might suit you better, suppose you were to think of—

Judy. I've no objection to be lady's-maid—none in life, my lady; an' in regard of sittin' up of a night when they would be at their parties, an' company, an' that, of coorse the ladies would consider that I should have my good sleep out of a mornin'.

Mrs. W. Can you cut out and make a gown, Judy?

Judy, (turning herself round.) I make my own, my lady; cuts it, an' shews it, an' shapes it, an' fits it: an' my caps as well; an' trims my own bonnet; an' let me see the girl that goes more tidy to fair or chapel than Judy Flanagan. (*Curtsyng.*)

Mrs. W. You are always very neat, Judy—very neat and tidy for your condition; but a fine lady requires a great deal more from her maid than you have had an opportunity of learning. If you want really to earn your bread, I am willing to help you do it; but it must be in a rational way. You must begin at the beginning; and if you are in earnest in going to service, take service properly under some better-instructed person than yourself, who will teach you your business. I am in want of an under-housemaid. Will you take the place?

Judy. Tache me my business! Under Nancy Fox, I do suppose? Is it my father's daughter will go under Billy Fox, the ould cobbler's orphan? No, my lady—glory be to God in heaven! I'm not so low as that. What can she tache me that I require to know?

Mrs. W. To do the work of a gentleman's house, of which you must be entirely ignorant. Nancy Fox, luckily for her, had no one to interfere with her progress. She went steadily through all the classes of the National School. She came to me to be under my late housemaid, Kitty Flinn, who married so comfortably last year; and she has thus qualified herself to be upper house-maid now in her stead, as you may qualify yourself in your turn by and by to succeed her.

Judy. Is it Nancy? Thank you, my lady, an' I'm obliged to you; but I'm not come to that yet! An' I wish you good-mornin' all the same, ma'am, though you've been poisoned agin me by those as I know of. But I dar' thim all, fornint their face or behint their back, to say anything but what 's truth o' me or thim that owns me!

Mrs. W. You are mistaken, Judy; no one has ever said a word to me against you.

Judy. They darn't, my lady.

Mrs. W. You have done yourself more harm than any one else could have done you. Still, I forgive you, and I will serve you if I can; but not now: you must suffer a little more first. Pride, and idleness, and vanity, must all be punished a little further before either I can help you, or you will profit by my help. Go home, good girl, for another month or two, and then come back to me again.

Judy. You would n't have a piece of an ould coat, my lady, nor an ould apron, nor an hankercher, that you could give me for kiverin'? I declare I'm a'most ashamed to face the people the way I am, with scarce a tack upon me.

Mrs. W. No, indeed, Judy, I have nothing to give that you will find useful, I fear; I can say nothing more at present. See, there are several of our friends outside waiting to see me.

Judy. Well, I wish your ladyship good mornin', an' thanks for yer advice. An' surely God he knows I did my best anyway!

A BUSY SOLITUDE.—There is one source of interest of which the traveller is almost wholly deprived at Constantinople, and at Constantinople alone of European capitals—that of society, considered in its moral and human relations. To the senses, indeed, and to the intellect of an inquirer, the social condition of Constantinople presents abundant materials; but to the sympathies it is all but barren. A diversity between the customs and manners of a foreign country and of our own, tends naturally to excite, not to repress, interest, if that diversity be not too great; but when, in addition to usages the most remote from ours, and aspirations antagonistic as well as a different language and race, we are opposed also by that wide gulf that separates the Oriental from the Western and the Mahometan from the Christian, the affections can find no grappling points, and the stranger, a stranger still, however long his sojourn, is thrown upon nature for companionship, and on his own thoughts for friends. Every other region in Europe—Italy, Germany, France—seems a part of your country, when your memory strays to it from the city of mosques, and baths, and tombs. It is not merely on account of its surpassing outward beauty, that at Constantinople you live in a world of surfaces, not of substance. The temple in which the worship of God is blended with that of the Arabian Prophet, is to you, as you pass it, no temple. No altar consecrates it; neither sacrament nor creed makes it holy. Even the domestic household itself, if you chance to penetrate its jealous gate, says nothing to you of home. The institute of slavery, and the plurality of wives, cut it off and excommunicate it from all association that hovers about the hearth, and you gaze on it with an eye of curiosity alone, as you study the economy of the ant-hill. It is the same in the more complex relations of social and political life. The institutions which have necessarily gathered themselves

around the faith of the Prophet, and the custom of polygamy, are such as shut them out from the sympathies of a son of the West, however regardless he may be of that religion to which almost all that which his country most values owes its existence. The social world around him is a vision as bright as the blue sea that bathes the seven-hilled city, but the moment he dips his hand beneath the surface he is repelled by the chill. Only in the cemetery is he at home; and the cypress and the tended grave speak to him of a fraternal humanity. —*De Vere, Sketches.*

NEW BOOKS.

"Antonina," by W. Wilkie Collins,

Is reprinted as No. 141 of Harpers' "Library of Select Novels," and will be welcomed by the lovers of good fictitious writing as one of the ablest historical romances of the day. The author has engaged in a daring attempt, that of reproducing the occurrences attending the first barbarian siege of the Imperial City, but he has nobly triumphed over the inherent difficulties of the task, and shown himself a master of consummate power in this branch of composition. In the details of facts, which are given with great minuteness and accuracy, he never grows tedious or uninteresting; his characters are delineated with a living freshness of coloring; the plot is one which exerts a strange fascination over the mind; and the whole materials of his story are wrought up into a thrilling narrative, which hurries you on with such breathless rapidity that you are scarcely aware of the masterly vigor of the style, and of its frequent exceeding beauty, until you have completed the volume. It is long since a historical novel of such a high order has been brought before the American public, and it will at once stamp the reputation of the author as a formidable rival of Bulwer, Lockhart, and Scott. *Tribune.*

Supplement to "Fish and Fishing." By W. H. Herbert. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

The hundreds of keen anglers and the thousands of readers who delight in piscatory knowledge, to say nothing of the large number of those who take occasional pastime with the rod and line, and have found pleasure in the pages of Mr. Herbert's elegant volumes on "Fish and Fishing of the United States and British provinces of North America," will welcome this supplement. It gives, what was needed to make the work complete, a colored plate of twenty-four artificial flies very artistically executed. The supplement makes many corrections of the author's former teachings, and adds much to the instructions useful to the comparative novice in sport. It treats principally of trout fishing in all its branches, and is enriched by contributions from many of the author's friends and fellow sportsmen. Its publication is timely, as the season for angling is already upon us.—*Com. Adv.*

The Shoulder Knot; or, Sketches of the Threelfold Life of Man. By Rev. B. F. Tefit. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A work of fiction—a novel, partly historical and partly philosophical—dedicated to Bishop Morris, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the author being a clergyman of that denomination. We believe it originally appeared in successive numbers of the "Ladies' Repository," edited by Dr. Tefit. We have read but little of it. It appears to us to be rather overburdened with discussions and somewhat intangible opinions. Probably we should find the volume more interesting had we time to give it a consecutive reading, for the author has some literary reputation.—*Com. Adv.*

The Lorgnette or Studies of the Town. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

This pleasantly sarcastic serial seems to lose none of its vivacity, and we suppose none of its popularity. The author evidently knows the value of secrecy, and carefully conceals his local habitation and his name from the mystery-loving public.—*Com. Adv.*

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